

Young America, Attention! To Commence Next Week, "The Boy Clown." A Story of Strange Adventure!

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SONG.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

When the low mound shall be my home
On green hillside or sunny lea,
Will ever my kind heart come
To wake a gentle sympathy?
Or linger by my grave at even,
When sunset shall be dim to me,
To sing a little hymn to me,
Or send a wish to Heaven
That I may be forgiven?

In slumber silent and sublime
I know that I must one day sleep;
I shall not feel the source of time,
Nor even weep nor wake to weep,
But when the spring shall come again
With birds and blossoms to cover me,
As time shall deepen over me,
Will any sorrow then
For all that might have been?

When the low mound shall be my home,
I wonder if you'll miss my hand,
Or sigh that I shall no more come
To mingle in your happy band?
My spirit left of vital breath
Shall often come and sup with you,
Shall drink the joyous cup with you,
Remembering still its faith
Beyond the bounds of death.

Bessie Raynor: THE FACTORY GIRL.

A TALE OF THE LAWRENCE LOOMS.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER.

AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER,"
"FIFTY THOUSAND REWARD," "THE MISSING
FINGER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A HAND ON THE SHOULDER.

SCARCELY had the banker rushed forth from the death-chamber of the humble Raynor home that night, as Bessie lay in a swoon, when suddenly the window was again darkened—this time by the tall, stalwart figure of a man.

For a moment he gazed at the terrible scene before him. Then he rushed forward, knelt down, and tenderly lifted the senseless girl in his arms.

"Oh! Bessie! Bessie! Arouse yourself! 'Tis I!" he exclaimed, in a deep voice of anguish. "Oh, darling! why did you not let me stay with you? Heaven be thanked!" he cried, as a shiver passed over the frame of the frail girl.

She opened her eyes and glanced around her. She drew back like a startled dove as she found herself in the arms of the stalwart man, and endeavored to stand erect.

She was unequal to the task, and would have again fallen, had not his strong arm caught her.

"Go to bed, Bessie," he said, in a low, sympathizing tone. "Go to bed; you are exhausted; you can do nothing further now. Leave all to me."

With a sweet look of gratitude, and a gentle pressure of the hand, she turned toward the stairs.

"God bless you, Lorin!"

Then she was gone.

The reader will remember we left old Arthur Ames, some time back, entering the banking-house of Arlington & Ames at a rather unseasonable hour of the night—entering, too, by the private door.

A moment, and the old banker stood within the close room. The air was hot and stifling, as the doors were all closed, and the windows shut down—every thing long since being secured for the night.

Arthur Ames stood still for a moment; then moved cautiously in the darkness, passing his hand along the northern wall. Reaching the gas-burner, the room was quickly brilliantly illuminated. But he lowered the gas-jet at once to a fine point, and drawing to the wired glass partition which separated the office from the main room, drew the screen of green baize along the polished brass rods. He then almost entirely dimmed the rays which might have flashed into the counting-room, thence through the plate-glass windows beyond into the street.

But he suddenly paused and bent his ear. He thought he heard the distant creaking of a door, and felt the quick passing puff of an in-rushing blast.

Trembling in every limb, for several moments he kept quiet. But he heard nothing more. Then he strode forward at once, turned the full stream of gas on again, and advanced unhesitatingly toward the large iron safe. He bent down and, for a moment, looked at the solid, heavy, grim-looking, burglar-defying salamander.

He drew out a key.

He leaned still closer over the lock-hole, and without heeding a slight grating sound which at that instant echoed in the room, he examined the key-hole. Then he placed the key in the orifice, and—

But he suddenly paused, and cowered back.

"What am I doing?" he muttered. "What would the law say and do, seeing me thus occupied? What would Malcolm Arlington say, did he now see me, his respected and trusted partner, at such work as this? But the die is cast! Malcolm Arlington has enough and to spare; he'll not miss this. No! I've gone too far, and—my God! what is this?"

A wild cry broke from his lips as, at that moment, a tall form overshadowed him, and a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRICE OF ESCAPE.

ARTHUR AMES sprung to his feet.
"You—you here, Malcolm Arlington!" and his eyes seemed to start from his head.

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He reared his form as he spoke, until he towered high above his burly antagonist.

The tall man smiled smugly and bitterly; but his eyes did not lose the other's movements, as the old man's hand slowly sought his breast-pocket, and a fixed, dangerous gleam sparkled in his eyes.

Malcolm Arlington understood the motion, and, in an instant, his own hand was in his bosom.

Malcolm Arlington was a noble specimen of his species. He was over six feet in height, stalwart, erect, and of easy carriage. His face was not a bad one. It was a stern, marble-like countenance, resolute, fixed, brave, and unflinching.

The men looked at one another for some moments. Neither spoke. The shaggy brows which lowered over Arlington's eyes gradually contracted until the keen gray orbs beneath them could scarcely be seen. His forehead wrinkled into a frown, and he towered grandly above the little old man, now trembling before him.

"And this is my partner!"

The words were uttered in a tone of commingled scorn and inquiry.

He turned his head as a wild blast at that instant swept around the old bank building, rattling the sashes, and shaking the wire gratings of the windows. It seemed that somebody was forcing the front door.

The movement Arlington made came near being a fatal one to him; for, as he turned, Arthur Ames suddenly drew a pistol, a self-cocking repeater.

His haste defeated his purpose. Facing around suddenly, Arlington saw his danger. With a quiet stroke he struck the old man's arm aside.

The weapon exploded, a sudden sharp report rung in the room, and the ball sped on, imbedding itself in the solid plastering of the wall opposite, and before the would-be assassin could repeat the shot, Arlington clutched him in a giant's grasp, and hurled him to the floor. A moment, and he had wrenched the pistol from his hand.

"Now, Arthur Ames, you are, indeed, in my power, in more senses than one!" he said, in a deep, hissing voice. "The law would justify me were I to blow your brains out, and I am capable of doing it, for I am armed. But I'll not murder you, old man. I can not slay the father of the woman I love. Get up, compose yourself, and we will talk."

As he spoke, he placed Ames' pistol in his pocket, and, walking leisurely to a chair, seated himself.

The old man quickly staggered to his feet, and sunk upon the settee, near the glass door.

He was conquered, and the dangerous gleam burned no longer in his eyes. He crossed his hands before him, and bowed his head, as a violent shudder shook his frame.

Malcolm Arlington looked at him, scanned him from head to foot, and measured the man who was so completely under his heel. But no softening look came to his face. He

was the same stern, composed, iron-gray man.

"Cheer up, Mr. Ames. Do not be cast down at your discomfiture. Perhaps, after all, by this little affair, you may be the gainer. Who knows?"

Arthur Ames glanced toward him, as if eager to hear more.

"You are interested? 'Tis well. You would like to hear more? Good. I am a man of business. You know it."

He drew his heavy gold watch from his pocket, and glanced at the dial. "I am late," he said. "I will be brief, and to the point. I have long suspected, my friend, that you were not altogether right—that you were loose in certain matters, that— Well, in a word, I thought, to a certain extent at least, that you were a villain. Do not start! I am telling the truth, as you know, and I will not be interrupted. You see, my dear partner, you have kept bad company—notoriously bad company. This first opened my eyes to watch you, to look into and scan your shortcomings. Why, on more than one occasion I have seen you at a late hour of the night, in company with that black-visaged rascal, Phil Walshe! More than that, I have seen you on the eastern bridge with Nancy Hurd, the woman who lives with that man. 'Tis true, they are operatives in the Pemberton Mill, and earn their daily bread honestly. But, Arthur Ames, does not Phil Walshe earn money dishonestly, too?" and he glared meaningfully at the old man, as if he would force from him a confession.

Ames did not answer. His arms were crossed upon his breast, and his eyes were bent upon the floor. Yet he was listening.

After a moment, Arlington resumed: "You see, I am well informed. I was suspicious, and for the last four years I have been thinking—have been making inquiries, though you knew it not. To-night I heard from your lips that there was something between you and this Black Phil. I overheard enough to lodge information with the authorities of this city. That is one hold. To-night, by chance, I saw you hurrying along wildly. It was unusual. I followed you—followed you hither, and saw you on your knees about to rob the safe. That is another hold which I have upon you. Then, like a coward, you sought my life. I have never harmed you; far from it. I have given you place and prominence in the world; for, without an association with me, I do not think you would have been known in Lawrence. Yet you made a base attempt to murder me. That is the strongest hold of all."

"I'll not recapitulate; you know you are in my power; that your money, your reputation, your life, are in my hands. 'Tis enough. But listen, and learn how you may retain all."

He paused as if waiting for old Ames to speak. But the latter still held his peace; he seemed overwhelmed.

Mr. Arlington resumed: "Pledge yourself, by an oath, to me, that Minerva Ames shall be my wife, and all will be well. Refuse, and—"

"Pledge my daughter to be your wife!" broke in old Ames. "Why, my child does not love you; she is too young, and—"

"Bah! and is not Bessie Raynor, the old captain's daughter, too young for you? I'll be sworn, too, she loves you not. You see, I also know about that matter. But, Arthur Ames, you have my terms. Answer quickly."

"I tell you the girl does not love you; and if truth be told, though I am sorry to admit it, she loves, I sincerely believe, the fellow who once saved her life, you know—the mill-man, Lorin Gray, old Moll's adopted son."

"I tell you, Arthur Ames," the other answered, "I care not, even were this true. Answer me: do you accept my terms?"

"I can not—I dare not!"

"Then you and your daughter's ruin be upon you! I'll lock you, now, in this room, and summon a policeman."

He started toward the door. But old Ames called him back.

"Hold, hold, Arlington! I'll do any thing! Do not expose me—do not ruin me!"

"You accede?"

Old Ames bowed his head in acquiescence. "Do you accede?—I want an answer," sternly demanded Arlington.

"I do, I do!" quickly responded the old man.

"'Tis very well; you shall lose nothing by it. But we must have papers; I will draw them. Then an oath to bind you, for these documents will admit of no witnesses."

He spoke with icy coolness, as he turned to the desk, and taking out some sheets of paper, wrote rapidly for several moments. He was a ready thinker, and his fingers obeyed his will. In a few seconds he laid two written pages before him. Then he glanced hastily over them, as though to see if they corresponded in text. They satisfied him.

"Read them, and sign. They are duplicates," and he tossed the sheets toward old Ames.

Arthur Ames tremblingly took them. He read them carefully. When he had finished, he turned away, as if he shrunk from signing. But he saw the bright gray eyes of Arlington fastened upon him.

He paused, seized the pen, and rapidly affixed his signature.

Malcolm Arlington did the same, and then composedly folded the sheets. One he placed in the inside pocket of his vest; the other he handed to Arthur Ames.

"Yours, Mr. Ames," he said. "Keep it. Now the oath."

As he spoke, he drew a Testament toward him from a pile of books, and compelling the other to lay his hand upon it, he administered to him a fearful oath.

Then old Ames snatched his hat, and with trembling haste, strode down the passage to the front door.

Lorin Gray, who had kept a lonely vigil in the death-chamber, was astir with the early dawn. He awoke Bessie and her crippled brother, and then—for he was compelled to do so—hurried away toward the mill.

By sunrise, or a little after, it was known all over Lawrence that old Silas Raynor, who, a few days before, had been stricken down by paralysis, had been killed by lightning the previous night.

At nine o'clock a rap sounded on the door of the sorrow-stricken tenement, and in a moment, without waiting, Black Phil was in the little front room, in which sat Bessie and her brother.

"Aren't you coming to the mill to-day, Bessie Raynor?" he asked.

She shuddered, and shrunk away.

"Can't you speak, Bessie?" and the fellow approached her.

"Oh, Phil! Do you not know the sad news, that father is—dead; that I can not come?"

"Then you lose your place, that's all! But, Bessie, and his voice sunk lower as he approached her nearer still, "say but a single word—that you love me, and will be my wife. Then I will see that you are excused, and that—"

"Oh, Phil! Leave me!"

The poor cripple suddenly sprang from his seat, and snatching a piece of board at hand, rushed upon the fellow, and struck him a smart blow.

In an instant, with a vicious stroke, Black Phil smote him down. Then he strode to the door, but paused, and looking back, said menacingly:

"Look to yourself, Bessie! Look to yourself, Ross Raynor! One of you must be in the mill, or—"

He closed the door without finishing his sentence.

A half hour afterward, poor Ross, the cripple, left the house, and wound his way to the mill.

Late that afternoon, a half-hour before "letting-out" time, Black Phil was walking on the fourth floor of the Pemberton Mill. Ross Raynor was near him. A few hot words passed between them, when, suddenly, Black Phil pushed the crippled boy rudely against and upon the broad leathern belt which was surging up through the floor.

A wild cry rung out—a cry of horror.

The boy was caught on the belt and borne upward toward the narrow rift in the floor above.

Lorin Gray was at that moment near at hand, his coat off, his sleeves rolled up. With a shout he dashed furiously at the belt, and flung his weight upon it.

The struggle was fearful, and all the hands looked on with terror, waiting for the result.

The strong man won. He flung the belt from the wheel above, and the boy, senseless and bleeding, dropped, a crumpled, shapeless mass, to the floor.

"Scoundrel! You did it! I saw you!" thundered young Gray, glaring fiercely at Black Phil.

An angry scowl leaped to that man's face; but at that moment he caught sight of a peculiar mark on the bare arm of the other.

Phil started and shuddered as a wild look of fear came to his eyes.

"My God, the scar!" he muttered, and turned hastily away.

CHAPTER IX. THE NIGHT WATCH.

A crowd of operatives, by this time, strove to get near the poor boy.

"Take him down-stairs; he must have air," said Lorin Gray, with a moment's examination of the quiet, crushed form before him. "The heat here is stifling."

In a few moments a stout cloth was brought. Then two of the strongest men gently lifted the bleeding lad into the sheet, and raising him, bore him down the different flights of long stairs, until the outer air was reached. The sun was just sinking, and its beams fell upon the pallid face of the sufferer.

"He is dead!" said a bystander.

In truth the boy looked like it.

"No," said young Gray. "He breathes; I can see his nostrils quiver."

As he spoke he leaned over him, and again examined him.

The murmurings in the crowd against Black Phil, as the willful or unintentional occasion of the sad accident, were growing louder and more threatening.

"He did it! the villain!" said a strong-armed man, who stood by, with a tear in his eye, and a scowl on his face. "And he should be made to suffer for it!"

"Ay! blood for blood, if any harm comes of this!" echoed another; "and the poor fellow and his sister just lost their father!"

"It seems that God forgets us poor creatures at times," chimed in a thin-faced woman in widow's weeds, seedy and threadbare.

"The scoundrel, Black Phil, should be flung into the Merrimack," exclaimed a stalwart young fellow, indignation and pity strangely commingled in his face. "And for one, I—but—here the fellow comes!"

At that moment there was a commotion in the outer edge of the circle of human beings who crowded around, and in a moment, amid the half-whispered anathemas, hisses, and jeers, which saluted him, Black Phil rudely parted the throng and strode to the side of the boy.

A frown of defiance wrinkled his brow, and a dangerous fire gleamed from his eyes as he paused and glanced around him.

He was a man that was feared. Hence, when he drew near, the dark words and ominous threats were sunk so low, that they sounded angrily no more.

"I tell you, fellows, that I did not do the thing intentionally," and Black Phil's words were deep and distinct. "More than that, the man who says I did it, is a liar, and I'll make him eat his words, here before you all."

An ominous silence followed this; and then, all eyes were fastened on Lorin Gray, who knelt on the opposite side of the boy, to see what effect the words of the black-browed mill-man would have upon him.

But the young man seemed to have forgotten every thing, save the wounded cripple.

"Poor Ross! poor Bessie!" he murmured. "God help them now!"

"To show you that I am fair," continued Phil, "I am willing to pay the doctor's bill. I don't deny I accidentally stumbled against the—"

"Accidentally!" exclaimed the stout young mill-man, who had before spoken; and he strode forward as if he would brave the bully, and as if he was ashamed of the silence he had kept. "I don't believe it! Lorin Gray said you did it on purpose, and Lorin Gray does not lie for such as you, or for any one else!" and fronting the brawny fellow, he gazed him straight and unflinchingly in the face.

Black Phil's large lips grew livid with anger, and an iron-like rigidity took possession of his repulsive features. He clenched his muscular hands, and said:

"You are a brave man, Adam Lowe, to speak such words to me. And I tell you again, that you and Lorin Gray, both lie, if you say that of me! Out of my way, or I'll crush you under my boot!" and he turned as if to force his way out in face of all opposition.

At that instant, Lorin Gray slowly straightened himself up. A deep frown of anger was upon his face.

"Do not notice the fellow, Adam," he said, in a low voice to his friend, as he strode between him and the other. "Now, Black Phil, repeat your words to me, and I'll teach you a lesson you'll not forget soon."

He heaved his form as he spoke, until he towered high above his burly antagonist; at the same time he threw himself in an attitude which denoted danger.

Black Phil bent his eyes upon him; then he suddenly raised his clenched hand, and started toward his opponent. But, at that instant, his eyes fell again upon the brawny armed arm of Lorin Gray, again upon the scarlet mark glowing on the smooth, white surface, so distinctly in the setting sunlight.

His hand dropped by his side; a sudden pallor sprung again to his face, and, with a muttered curse, he stepped back, and said:

"I seek no quarrel with you, Lorin Gray. The mine is wide; go your way; I'll go mine. I say again, I did not intend to harm the boy. But, and his voice sunk to a hissing whisper, 'look to yourself, my mine fellow, and see to it that your path is yours—not mine!'"

Turning, he made his way roughly through the crowd. In a few minutes he had disappeared.

The operatives looked after Black Phil's retreating form, but said nothing. They wondered at the scene which had just transpired, yet they did not seek to explain it.

In the mean time, the crippled boy showed signs of reviving. Lorin Gray saw him. He quickly turned, and ordering a cup of water to be brought, placed it to the boy's lips.

"Now, up with him again, men," he said. "He is coming to; the air has done him good. Two of you bring him along; we'll take him home. And such a home!"

His last words were scarcely audible.

The mill had "let out," but the thronging crowd of men and women, boys and girls, slowly dispersed. The rude litter, with its burden of suffering humanity, was borne away by Adam Lowe and another mill-man, accompanied alone by Lorin Gray, who walked sad and silent alongside.

In fifteen minutes, the solemn cortege entered the little street on the canal, and soon the humble home of Bessie Raynor was reached.

The twilight was settling hazily down, and from the door-knob and the closed shutters of the unperturbed house, the black symbol of death was floating dimly in the passing wind.

At that instant, light feet echoed on the uncarpeted floor within, and the bolt softly turned.

Lorin Gray nerved himself. He could not retreat now, could not now shrink away from the ordeal before him.

The door opened; a sweet, almost angelic face peered forth.

The red-rimmed eyes flashed on the scene outside. Only a look was necessary.

The door was flung wide open, and Bessie Raynor darted out, up to the litter. A rapid, searching glance at the pallid, bleeding brow, and a wild shriek burst from her lips.

"Oh! Father in heaven! 'Tis too much! too much!" and she fell heavily to the ground.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 74.)

Overland Kit:

OR,
THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

GIRL OR WOMAN.

SLOWLY the little crowd emerged from the shanty, the preliminary examination over, and Dick Talbot held a prisoner, accused of being the notorious road-agent, Overland Kit.

It was arranged that the express office was to serve as Talbot's prison, guarded by the four men who had volunteered to go with the Judge in his expedition to Gopher Gulch, that had resulted so unluckily to Injun Dick.

Joe Rain, the witness, was taken to another shanty near by, also placed under guard, with strict injunctions that no one should have communication with him.

Judge did not intend that the important witness for the government should be tampered with in the interim that intervened before the hour of the trial.

Judge Jones was leaving nothing undone to secure a conviction. The motive that urged him on was powerful indeed.

Talbot, within the shanty, was left alone to reflect upon the unexpected course of events.

Without, the express office was guarded by the four volunteers, revolver in hand.

Ginger Bill, the stage-driver, and Patsey, the Irishman, guarded the back of the shanty and the side of it looking to the north, while the two other miners guarded the front and the south side.

"I say, Patsey, the idea of the Judge asking for a good book among such a crowd of rough cusses as we are! If it hadn't a bin for showing disrespect, I'd a-hav-hawed right out."

"Eh! an' I kin hear doin' that same meself," said the Irishman. "To be askin' the likes of us for a book, good or bad. Barrin' the gurl's, I don't believe there's a book in the camp."

"You don't want to gamble on that, my gentle friend from Cork, or you'll get flaxed like thunder," Bill remarked. "I've got a book in my pocket, now."

"Is it the likes of yees that would be after readin'?" exclaimed the Irishman, incredulously.

"Let yer eyes go fur it," replied Bill, majestically drawing a small and well-thumbed volume from his pocket.

By the light of the moon, now shining dimly in the heavens, Patsey looked at the book, which, to the stage-driver, was a treasure.

"Radde's Dime Novels—The Red Coyote," said Patsey, spelling out the title.

"Oh! I've heered of this."

"Bill!" said a low, cautious voice.

The two men turned in astonishment.

From the shelter of the shade cast by a neighboring house came the girl, Jinnie. She advanced to where the two men stood. They looked at her in amazement.

"Why, Jinnie, what are you doing here?" Bill asked.

The face of the girl was pale, and the red circles around her swollen eyes told that she had been weeping. Even the not over-keen eyes of the two men detected the traces of suffering so evident.

"I want to see Dick," the girl said, plaintively.

"Well, I don't know," Bill replied, dubiously.

"I must see him, Bill!" she cried, excitedly.

"Say, Jinnie, you ain't a-goin' to fix things so he kin git away, are you? 'cos I gave my word for to watch him like a thousand of bricks."

"How can I aid him to escape?" Jinnie asked, mournfully. "I only want to speak to him, that's all. He may want somebody to come and speak for him at his trial. Judge Jones has got a spite against Dick; I know the reason of it, too. He don't intend that Dick shall have a fair show if he can help it. Dick was always a friend of yours, Bill; ain't you willing to help him a little, now that he's got into trouble?"

"You bet!" cried Bill, emphatically.

"Then let me speak to Dick through that window there. You can keep a watch on me; he can't escape, even if he wants to, with you two here, with your revolvers."

"True for yees," said Patsey, quickly. "let the gurl see him; where's the harm?"

"That's so; sail in, Jinnie; but, I say, the window is always fastened inside," Bill remarked.

"Yes, I know that, but I unfastened it when I was inside during the examination," Jinnie replied. "I thought that, perhaps, I might get a chance to speak to Dick."

Bill gave vent to a low whistle; the forethought of the girl rather astonished him.

"All right; go in, lemons."

Jinnie did not wait for a second bidding, but hurried forward toward the house.

"Did yees hear the gurl speak about our revolvers?" asked Patsey. "Begorra! I niver had a revolver but once, an' thin 'twas a bowie-knife."

Jinnie, catching hold of the window-sash—the window, which was a small one, swung on hinges to one side—pulled it open. Talbot advanced to the window, and could not repress an exclamation of surprise when he beheld the eager face of the girl.

With a cry of joy, Jinnie threw her arms around Dick's neck and pillowed her head upon his breast. For a few moments, sobbings and tears came freely from the large eyes that seldom sought the consolations found in weeping.

Talbot drew the girl, tenderly, to his breast.

"Why, Jinnie, are you crying? I never saw you cry before, in all my life," he said, softly.

With a great effort, she forced back her sobs, and raised her tear-wet eyes to his.

"I don't ever remember crying before, since I was a little girl," she said, in a voice broken by emotion. "I s'pose all the cry that ought to have come before, has come now, just like the spring floods in the Reese. Oh, Dick! I feel so bad!" and again the little head, crowned with the rare-faded red-gold locks, went down upon his breast, and the convulsive sob checked the voice of the girl, as she clung closely to Dick, and pillowed her head on the heart of the only friend she had in all the world.

Dick wound his arms still tighter around the girl and drew the little trembling form still nearer to him.

"You poor child!" he murmured, kissing the golden hair, the glory of the shapely little head; "I never saw you so agitated before, Jinnie; you've always been such a—such a little man; so plucky and full of spirit." Dick was hesitating for words to express his meaning.

"That's just the way I don't want you to think of me!" exclaimed Jinnie, her voice broken by sobs.

"Not think of you that way?" said Dick, in astonishment.

"No; I ain't a little man, am I?" questioned Jinnie, still sobbing.

"Why, no; of course not," replied Talbot, rather perplexed by the strange behavior of the girl.

With a determined effort, Jinnie once more choked back her sobs; again she raised her eyes and looked into the face of the man to whose breast she clung.

"What am I?" she asked, abruptly.

"Eh?" questioned Talbot, in amazement.

"Don't I speak plain, Dick?" she cried, impatiently, the tears again gathering in her large eyes; "what am I, a bear—a hog?"

"No, no," interrupted Dick, "you are a very pretty little girl."

"Nothing else?" demanded Jinnie, pouting.

"Why, yes, a very good little girl."

"Nothing but a girl?" interrupted Jinnie, pouting still more.

"What else would you be?" asked Talbot, in wonder.

"What you can't see that I am; a woman!" exclaimed the girl, in an aggrieved tone.

"A woman?"

"Yes, I'm sixteen; and I'm a great deal older than that in knowledge—at least so everybody says."

"And you want me to look upon you as a woman rather than as a child?" Talbot asked, a strange expression upon his face.

"Yes," replied Jinnie, promptly.

"Then I mustn't let you do this any more."

"Do what?" Jinnie asked, in wonder.

"Why, let you cling to my breast as you are clinging now; I mustn't kiss you any more, or smooth your hair back from your forehead. Such acts of familiarity, which may be permitted with the child, are improper with the woman."

"And you can't pet me any more?" asked Jinnie, a wistful look in her large eyes.

"No, not if you are a woman."

"Well, I'll still be a child with you, if I'm a woman with every one else," she said, abruptly, after thinking for a moment.

"That's a sensible little girl!" exclaimed Talbot, gravely, kissing the little brown forehead as he spoke.

"And now, Dick," said Jinnie, suddenly, "can't I do any thing to help you out of this awful hole?"

"I don't know, Jinnie," Talbot replied, thoughtfully. "This fellow will swear terribly hard against me. I can see that already. I think I can prove the difference that exists between Dick Talbot and Overland Kit, but Judge Jones is going to convict me if he can. If he can get public sentiment aroused against me here, and rush the trial through on the evidence of this fellow, without giving me a chance for my life, I'm a gone man."

"But, Dick, isn't there any friend who could help you?" the girl asked, anxiously.

"Yes, one!" cried Dick, a bright thought coming to him. "Let me whisper in your ear."

A lengthy communication it was that Dick whispered. Then Dick pressed another kiss upon the low forehead of the girl, and she hastened away, her heart beating high with hope.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GREEK MEETS GREEK.

TEN o'clock on the morning following the examination, found the mining camp, known as Spur City, in a terrible state of excitement.

As one old gray-haired miner remarked, "He hadn't seen such a heap of people in town since the day when the first woman and baby arrived from the East." An event, the knowledge of which traveled with railroad speed from camp to camp in the mountain gullies, and which brought every miner within thirty miles into town, to see the sight. And as the husband of the woman and the father of the baby, happened to be a shrewd West Virginian, he instantly went in to accumulate a small fortune by charging a "lift" apiece for admittance to the tent, where his family resided! The unfortunate arrival of two other women and two other babies, some three days after the first, "busted" the speculation. The miners were like all other people who run after curiosities. They didn't care to pay to see sights which had become common.

The old miner who uttered the above-quoted remark regarding the number of people in town, was reported to be one of the oldest inhabitants. He had been in Spur City full three years, and had seen the camp grow up from one tent to some fifty tents and shanties combined. Of course, his words had weight.

Speculation was on tiptoe regarding the

chances of Injun Dick's acquittal or conviction.

The state of the betting, perhaps, indicated how the popular pulse of Spur City beat in regard to the matter, better than any thing else. Four to one that Dick was acquitted went begging; few cared to risk their money that he would be convicted, even at that odds.

One loud-talking gentleman shook his canvas bag of gold-dust freely in the air and offered to bet four to one that Talbot would be acquitted, and followed it with a side bet, that he could flout out Judge Jones and the witness, Joe Rain, inside of a quarter of an hour single-handed, or any two men on the jury.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to remark that this reckless bettor was the man from Red-Dog.

None cared to accept his offer, though.

As a general rule, the miners scouted the idea that Injun Dick could, by any possibility, be the road-agent, Overland Kit.

Judge Jones, urged onward by the fierce passion that was burning in his heart, had been up by daybreak, and since that time, he had not let the grass grow under his feet.

He had dispatched two different parties in various directions. On what mission they went, no one knew except Judge Jones and the leaders of the expeditions. With one of the party went, under guard, the valuable witness, Joe Rain.

After various consultations with the leading citizens, Judge Jones selected twelve men for the jury, and presented them for the assembled people to pass judgment upon.

The twelve comprised twelve of the principal men in the mining camp, they were elected unanimously. So the jury was formed.

A little circumstance that had occurred early in the morning had annoyed Judge Jones excessively. Just after the departure of the second secret expedition, the Judge was waited upon by the New Yorker, Salmon Rennet, accompanied by Dandy Jim, Ginger Bill—who had been relieved of his sentry-post at daybreak—and a couple of other citizens, friends of Talbot.

Rennet had introduced himself as a member of the New York bar, and informed the Judge that he had accepted the position of counsel to the prisoner.

The Judge ground his teeth in anger when informed of the fact, but replied civilly enough.

Rennet desired to know the hour set for the trial, and when the Judge said "ten o'clock," he objected, until he could have an interview with the prisoner and ascertain something regarding the line of defense to be used.

As the old lawyer explained, he had not yet seen his client in person—a fact which the Judge was fully aware of, as he had given express orders that Talbot should not be allowed to see any one.

With an ill grace, the Judge allowed the lawyer admission to the shanty where Dick was confined.

After a very short interview, not occupying more than ten minutes, Mr. Rennet waited again upon the Judge, and assured him that the prisoner would not be ready for trial until six o'clock that evening, at the very earliest, as he—Rennet—would need all that time to procure certain important witnesses and prepare for the trial.

The Judge replied tersely, and with considerable asperity in his manner, that the trial was fixed for ten o'clock, and at ten o'clock it would take place whether the prisoner was ready or not.

Then Rennet blandly moved to "amend the motion," by proposing that the prisoner be hanged at ten o'clock, without any trial at all, and he added: "As it was plainly evident that the presiding Judge had made up his mind to hang the prisoner anyway, they might as well hang him without a trial as with one."

After this shot, the old lawyer withdrew. About ten minutes afterward, a noise in the street attracted the Judge to the door, and, to his disgust, he beheld the old New Yorker elevated on a whisky barrel, his hat in his hand, his white hairs flying in the breeze, supported on one side by the man-from-Red-Dog, and on the other by Ginger Bill, addressing a crowd of miners.

In about five minutes Jones became pretty well convinced that he was no match for the New Yorker.

Old Solomon Rennet, in his young days, had been a prominent ward politician in great Gotham, had won the Judge's enmity with the aid of the "unofficial" voters of "bloody Sixth," and, besides, he was really an able lawyer. He knew how to address a mixed audience, and it was really fun for the old war-horse of Tammany once again to mount the stump.

Inside of two minutes he had the crowd in a roar. Then he invited them to come and see the hanging, congratulated them upon having a Judge so able that he hung men first, and found out whether they were guilty or not afterward.

The consequence of these few remarks was, that two minutes after the old gentleman descended to terra firma, a deputation of excited citizens, headed by the redoubtable Red-Dogite, waited upon Judge Jones, and demanded to know whether he was going to give Injun Dick a show for his life or not?

The Judge attempted to temporize, but that sort of thing wouldn't go down with the crowd that Dandy Jim headed.

"Too thin!" remarked the citizen of Red Dog, sententiously. The growl that followed the man's terse expression, from the crowd, had a similar meaning.

Jones reflected. He knew that he was backed by all the more respectable of the citizens; but he also knew that he was powerless to carry the majority of the Spur Cityites with him, unless some overt act was committed to serve as an excuse for a call upon the Vigilantes. If Dick had shot a man down in cold blood, the deed, coupled with his well-known mode of living—by playing cards—might have been sufficient to have raised a mob, and strung him up to the first tree that came handy. But, in the present case, until Dick was proved to be the road-agent, Overland Kit, beyond the shadow of a doubt, it would not do to act rashly.

That he could prove that Talbot was the road-agent, Jones had no doubt.

And so Judge Jones was forced by the popular clamor, raised by the speech of the wily old lawyer, to grant what he might readily have yielded with a good grace in the first place.

The trial was fixed to come off at six o'clock that evening.

When it became noised about town that the "old fat cuss, in store clothes," as the miners irreverently termed Mr. Rennet, was a celebrated lawyer from New York, and

that he had undertaken the defense of the prisoner, the state of the odds in the betting market changed at once. All those reckless souls who had bet one to four that Talbot would be found guilty, went round with bags of gold-dust in their hands, and "tears in their eyes," imploring somebody to take their offer of thirty to four that Dick wouldn't be found guilty.

As we before said, no better example of how public sentiment regarded the matter can be given than the statement of the odds offered.

Judge Jones, looking out into the street, could see the old lawyer, surrounded by a group of Talbot's friends, busy as a beaver. Horsemen kept riding up, making reports, and then, apparently, departing on other missions.

Jones groaned in agony. He suspected that the lawyer's services in behalf of the prisoner was a blow dealt him by a woman's hand; but he little guessed that he was fighting two. The rivals, Bernice Gwyne and Eldorado Jinnie, had made common cause against him in behalf of Talbot.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TRIAL.

As the hour for the trial drew near, the express office was the center of attraction.

It soon became evident to all that the shanty was much too small to hold the Judge, the jury, the prisoner, the witnesses, and the lawyers, to say nothing of the people.

After considerable discussion, an adjournment to the open air was suggested. This was soon adopted unanimously, and gave general satisfaction. The citizens of Spur City, and the neighbors who had been attracted from the surrounding camps by the news of the

lawyer in an undertone, "if that isn't a nice way to put a question—and he wants nothing but justice!"

Bernice fixed her eyes fully upon Talbot. The crowd held their breath to listen.

"I have not seen my cousin, Patrick Gwynne, for ten years, but, in the face of that gentleman, I do not trace a single resemblance to him."

The old lawyer chuckled; the Judge had got rather more than he bargained for.

Jones bit his lip nervously, hesitated for a moment, then he spoke again:

"Of course, ten years naturally would make a great change in a man."

"That's for the jury," muttered Rennet, "and he wants justice!"

"I am through with the witness." Then the Judge sat down.

Rennet got up.

"Relate when and where you first saw this Overland Kit," he said.

Bernice told the story of the road-agent stopping the coach.

"When and where did you first see the prisoner at the bar?"

"At the Eldorado Hotel, when I arrived here. He was in the saloon when I entered."

"You came straight from the place where the coach was attacked to the hotel?"

"Yes."

"Coach go fast or slow?"

"Very fast."

"How far from here do you suppose the place was where the coach was stopped by the road-agent?"

"Some ten miles, I should think."

"Geyser Canyon, eight miles," said Ginger Bill, from the crowd.

"Thank you; the information about the distance and the name of the canyon is not, of course, given under oath, gentlemen of the jury; but it is hardly necessary to speak of that; it is a mere question of distance and of locality. Probably, nearly all of you are aware of the truth, or falsehood, of the remark."

"All that I want to call your attention to, is the fact that, on the night in question, the coach was stopped some eight or ten miles from this place, by this Overland Kit, the man's person sworn to by this lady; yet, when she entered the Eldorado saloon an hour or so later, having come directly from the scene of the robbery, at the topmost speed of the coach, the first person she saw, when she entered the Eldorado, was the prisoner at the bar. When you remember, gentlemen of the jury, that the outlaw was taken into the hotel, the mountain passes by the United States troops, and that the coach came directly on to the hotel here, you will clearly see the impossibility of the prisoner at the bar being the road-agent, Overland Kit; unless, indeed, he possesses the marvelous faculty of being in two places, some eight or ten miles apart, at the same time. In fact, a clearer *alibi* than this, I don't think that I have ever seen proven in the whole course of my professional experience."

Then Rennet sat down.

It did not require the wisdom of a Solomon to see that Talbot's case was won, already, unless some strong evidence against him, against which there could be no caviling, could be introduced.

Ginger Bill, the driver, was called to the stand; he confirmed Bernice's statement regarding the appearance of Kit on the road, and finding Talbot in the saloon; also the distance and the locality of the robbery. Then, in answer to the Judge's questions, he gave an account of his share in the attempt to capture the outlaw in the hotel, the running fight up the street, and the arrest of Dick, while playing poker in the Cosmopolitan Hotel, in Gopher Gulley.

Rennet only asked Bill three questions.

"What time did the affair in the hotel take place?"

"Bout eight o'clock; maybe half-past."

"After the fight, did you go directly to the Gulley to arrest the prisoner?"

"Yes."

"What time did you get there?"

"All about half-past; it takes 'bout an hour to walk it."

"You see, gentlemen of the jury, that Overland Kit was in Spur City engaged in an armed contest with the citizens, at eight or half-past eight. That fact is clearly proven by the testimony of this witness, an hour or so later, he arrested the prisoner at the bar, in Gopher Gulley, four miles off. This is important, because we have a witness ready to prove that the prisoner entered the Cosmopolitan Hotel, in Gopher Gulley, at eight o'clock, precisely, the very time when—if he is Overland Kit—he was fighting the citizens in Spur City."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 68.)

Love-Blind:

OR,
WAS SHE GUILTY?

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "OATH-BOUND," "SHADOWED HEART,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FATAL MESSAGE.

The wedding had been, as Lillian intended, very quiet and quite aristocratic; Winnie had been very lady-like and gentle, and Mr. Alvanley jubilant and proud.

Harry Gordeloup had staid at Fernleigh, with a sort of stubborn delight, and Lillian was obliged to comport herself in a manner worthy her position.

They had exchanged no words, save those of common courtesy, and when the bridal party departed, Harry went with them so far as New York, where they bade adieu.

Those days at Fernleigh had been almost unendurable to Lillian Rothermel, since Harry Gordeloup had so signally triumphed over her; and not only defeated her—that she might have borne—but she had been trampled on into the very dust.

Her pride was outraged; her love utterly killed; her wrath fired; and Harry little recked of the fiendish revenge she would one day wreak on him.

He went back to the dull routine of office life, with Winnie Alvanley's haunting face always floating before him; with a consciousness of utter loneliness, because there was not, in all this world, one woman whose eyes would brighten at his approach, at whose lips he might claim a lover's kiss.

He had always been used to that sort of thing; he had been too impressionable not to have found many friends among the many pretty girls who greeted him with their smiles.

But, now, there were none worth wasting a thought over; he had flitted from flower to flower, in a guileless way—or, in plainer words, Harry had been an egregious flirt—and now, the only flower he wanted he could not have.

So he went to work, as I said, very lonely, and resolved to wed himself to his business.

He was all the better for this trial that came upon him; generally such tribulations refine us, and purify us, and never come when they're not needed, unwelcome as they seem; and, as they are.

And while he was working away, honestly striving to wean himself from all remembrances of Winnie Alvanley, she and husband were abroad on their wedding-tour—over the very ground she had once arranged to travel with Harry when they should be married; and the only comfort of her life, as she endured on and on, was that she was suffering of her own will for him!

All through sunny September, the bridal pair journeyed and tarried; Lillian Rothermel thought and schemed, and racked her brain for a way to punish Harry Gordeloup, and Harry, grown saddened and strengthened through suffering, was, perhaps, the happiest of them all.

That is, in a certain sense, as regarded Winnie and himself; but, when he thought of Lillian Rothermel, and from her to Edward Clavering, he would sometimes dash his pencil on the floor, and pace restlessly to and fro, his breath seeming to come in spasmodic jerks.

He dreamed about it, too, and lived it all over again, that dreadful night of nights; he remembered how sultry it had been all day, and how suddenly wind had arisen about one o'clock. He remembered Lillian Rothermel's wailing loveliness as she came flying down-stairs in answer to the wild alarm the servant had given, with her little bare, dimpled feet, and her hair streaming over her shoulders and bosom. Then he grew soul-sick, and forcibly blinded memory's eye to the picture he had conjured.

October, with its light frosts and sunny noons, saw Mr. and Mrs. Alvanley settled in their new home—a fine mansion that Lester had built for speculation and then reserved for his own use.

It was furnished most completely throughout, and had Winnie loved her husband, she would have been perfectly delighted and contented.

As it was, she compelled herself to be quietly satisfied; to her husband she was always respectful and kind, yet she never could forget the price he had demanded of her for another.

To her numerous callers she was the elegant, courteous Mrs. Alvanley, whom they went away admiring and not unfrequently envying.

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Before her guests, dear Miss Amy Clavering and Lillian Rothermel from Fernleigh, she attempted no disguises; she was simply herself, a heart-sick, heart-sore woman, trying to be brave.

And she was brave, with a heroic courage many a man might well be jealous of; silently brave, going on in her self-elected path.

Her husband loved her, after his selfish fashion. She was very pretty, and he was glad people admired her. She was undoubtedly refined and stylish, and though frigid to an unheard of degree, still Lester Alvanley was very proud to introduce her—"My wife, Mrs. Alvanley."

She found no fault at all. And then, one of the bright Christmas holidays a sudden end came.

Mr. Alvanley had gone with a friend on a business tour to Europe, and had been suddenly seized with a terrible disease—the small-pox—then raging in London. Both he and his friend died, and were buried, and word sent home to their widows.

It was a fearful shock; not for love's sake, but because of the suddenness of it. Mrs. Alvanley and Lillian had been sitting alone in the drawing-room when the telegram from London to Mr. Alvanley's partner came.

It was brief, and so heartless. Whenever was a telegram otherwise?

Mr. Lester Alvanley died this morning of small-pox. Will be buried to-morrow.

That was all. But Winnie read, and read it with fascinated eyes, and then, drawing a long, troubled breath, that quivered and fluttered, like a wounded bird, as it escaped her pale lips, she began to cry—the first tears she had shed since she had written that letter to Harry Gordeloup. Oh, a thousand years, alack, it seemed.

Lillian snatched up the paper Winnie's nervous fingers had let drop, and a second glance told her the news.

She murmured some inarticulate sounds, some awful, passionate words, that would have chilled Winnie's blood, had she heard them, and then she threw her arms around the widowed wife's neck, and whispered comfort.

CHAPTER XX.

A LOVE-LETTER.

Those days of Winnie Alvanley's widowhood would have been the happiest she had experienced since the time she and Harry Gordeloup had been lovers, were it not for the over-haunting fact of the motive that had made her what she was.

It was a sorrow that had grown to be a settled trouble, a cloud over her, never to be lifted, for by what atonement of his own could his hands be cleansed of blood?

Later, during the six months that had elapsed since Lester's death, Winnie had been fearful lest that selfish, whom her husband had never mentioned, who also knew of Harry's guilt, would bring the affair to notice. Who it was, she knew not how to ascertain, and so the old fear came back heavily as ever.

Harry Gordeloup had called several times on her since her husband's death; but she had persistently refused to see him, and then from a sense of her own weakness, lest she might be persuaded, she clutched gladly at the idea that she and Miss Amy Clavering and Lillian, should travel for a year on the Continent.

So it had been hastily arranged, apparently; though Lillian Rothermel might have told how she had concluded that the best plan to prevent the possibility of renewed friendship between Harry and Winnie would be to effectually separate them for a long time; not that she still had any lingering hopes of herself winning Harry Gordeloup, but that she was resolved Winnie should not.

The elegant mansion on Fourteenth street was closed, and the party sailed for England, getting on as far as Switzerland in the early autumn, where they purposed remaining several weeks.

Lillian Rothermel had grown to be the leading member of the little party. She it was who gave the orders, arranged for the walks, and advised Miss Amy and Winnie when they had better remain in doors.

She was very thoughtful of Winnie's com-

fort, until Winnie had fully come to believe her best friend was Lillian Rothermel, after all, though she never was quite reconciled to her first wrong-doing in taking Harry from her.

Sometimes she felt her heart stealing against Lillian Rothermel; then she reproached herself, for the kindnesses Lillian was so constantly evincing toward her disarmed her, just as Lillian intended it should.

Lillian often went out alone; and both the ladies at home remarked, more than once, at the exuberant flow of spirits and the warm, rich color that the mountain air gave her.

Lillian would laugh, and thank them for their graceful compliments.

Quietly, evenly the year of absence went on; and when Winnie sat down in her own parlors once more, with her morning robes laid aside, she concluded it had not been altogether unpleasant. She was at Fernleigh often, as the genial spring days came on apace; where, as of yore, Lillian reigned power supreme.

"You are looking better than ever before since I knew you," Winnie had one day remarked to Miss Rothermel, who was sitting thoughtfully in the library, with an open letter—a foreign one—before her.

"Yes; I feel better than before our tour. Crossing the ocean is generally beneficial, I believe."

She spoke in a dreamy sort of way, as if her thoughts had returned over the water.

A quaint little smile came to Winnie's lips, and she pointed significantly to the letter. A flush of deep crimson mounted Lillian's face; and she instinctively covered it with her fingers.

"There is no need; I had fathomed your little secret long before these letters came so regularly from Switzerland. Ah! Lillian, it was not the mountain air that made you so jubilant so much as the lover's caresses!"

A sudden smile broke over Lillian's face; she looked a moment, with her keenest glance, at Winnie, and then a low, delicious laugh came rippling from her lips.

"You sly puss! How came you to discover my only secret, and I thought it was so well guarded?"

"Do you think, then, no one saw the joyous light of your eyes of late? or noted the quiet, meditative mood from which you always awakened with such satisfied, perfect-content smiles on your lips? Ah! Lillian, love writes its signals on your face."

A proud, almost overpoweringly exultant light was in Lillian's eyes as she listened.

"Then, you are sure it is love? Nothing else would render me so completely happy, so far as looks go?" she said, inquiringly.

"I am sure; and yet, dear Lillian, I do not seek to pry into your confidence. But, if you will let me, I will offer my best prayers for your success and happiness, in connection with this."

She touched the letter that lay in Miss Rothermel's hand, addressed in a bold, elegant style.

A curious expression came over Lillian's face; almost a look of passionate eagerness.

"I hope your wishes may be realized. They shall be, if my life is spared—and his."

She glanced down at the letter, indicating whom she referred to.

It was rather an odd answer to make to Winnie's congratulations, but she only wondered at it for a moment, as she bent and kissed Lillian Rothermel's polished, marble-white brow, then went silently on.

Lillian snatched the letter half fearfully from her lap, and thrust it in her bosom.

"Heavens! if she knew what that contained! And her hopes for my success! pitiful little thing that she is! I'd scorn to measure lances with her were it not for him!"

This time she did not mean the writer of the letter; but her glittering eyes wandered afar off over the tree-tops, the direction of the faintly gleaming spires that marked the city where Harry Gordeloup was working so hard, so bravely.

There was a green gleam in her eyes that boded no good; for Lillian Rothermel had remembered her vow of vengeance, and she was a woman not to forget.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CONFESSION.

It was the next morning that Winnie Alvanley was sitting in her bedroom, with a dusty piece of sewing lying idly on her willow work-stand, and her eyes, where the tears stood ready to fall, re-reading a note she had received in that very room, so long, long ago.

She folded it away with a weary sigh, and looked up to see Lillian Rothermel standing beside her, grave, yet smiling kindly down into her tear-dimmed face.

She felt the hot flushes rise to her cheeks under Lillian's gentle scrutiny, and she nervously attempted to resume her sewing.

But Lillian drew it from her fingers.

"No, I came up purposely to have a little confidential talk with you; and that letter I found you reading I verily believe will lead me to the subject I wish to announce."

Lillian had taken one of Winnie's hands in her own, and was softly smoothing the white, taper fingers.

A half-frightened, appealing look sprang up in Winnie Alvanley's eyes.

"You are kind, very kind, Lillian—to manifest such an interest in my affairs; but don't ask me about it, please?"

She was so afraid lest she should whisper the faintest suspicion of her terrible secret—at least a secret from Lillian, she knew.

Lillian raised her eyebrows inquiringly.

"About it? What? I was only going to ask you this simple question, that I know you'll forgive from me, because I have so often repented of my sin regarding it."

A cold shiver curled through Winnie's veins; whenever Harry Gordeloup's name was mentioned, ever so indirectly, she felt just so.

"You are free now, dear Winnie, and naturally you will marry again. I know you love Harry Gordeloup—why not marry him?"

A little moaning cry came from Winnie's lips, and the tears came now, fast and free, urged on by a sore, bleeding heart.

"Lillian! Lillian! in mercy, don't! You don't know—you are stabbing me so!"

"No, I am not. I am doing you the greatest earthly favor I can. Will you listen, Winnie, while I talk calmly, dispassionately of Harry Gordeloup? I can do so, and I loved him once. Surely, you can, when you've but to say the word and he will kneel at your feet, the happiest man living."

Winnie shook her head.

"You don't know, Lillian, any thing about it."

"But I do. I know more than you do,

more than even Lester Alvanley did. There, does that interest you?"

A wild, intense thrill of something she hardly could define sprang up in Winnie's breast; she felt her heart slowing its beats, while she waited.

"I take the greatest pleasure in telling you, Winnie, because I think I once wronged you almost beyond reparation; but to make atonement I will tell you that Lester Alvanley was most awfully mistaken when he suspected Harry Gordeloup of the murder of Mr. Clavering. He told me himself, not a month after your marriage."

Winnie's eyes never blenched from staring on Lillian's moving lips; she had clasped her hands in a fierce hold, and now sat as if enchanted.

"I told Mr. Alvanley not to mislead you, at that late hour; he had confessed he used that honest suspicion of his to win you, and I knew, amid all my grief and just anger, that it would only make matters worse for you to know. Since then I have only waited a proper time, hoping you would fly to Harry when you learned the truth."

"But I saw him, myself, come out of that fatal room! Oh, Lillian, you are so cruel! so cruel!"

"Winnie, I know Harry was in Mr. Clavering's room, probably not an hour before the deed was done; but I also know why he came out; besides, Winnie, I was through his room, myself, after Harry had gone back to bed. I went to see if Miss Amy, whose room adjoins, was comfortable."

Then Winnie sprang to her feet, and clutched Lillian's arm till it purpled under her nails.

"What? what? and Mr. Clavering was well when you went through?"

"Sleeping comfortably. Perhaps you think it was unkindly for me to enter his room; but what was I to do? Miss Amy's door was locked, and I knew she called me."

"I think of nothing but that my Harry is not a guilty man! Oh, thank God, thank God for that!"

She walked up and down the room, weeping and laughing by turns, until Lillian's calm, dispassionate language quieted her down, and she left her in a trance of deepest, stillest joy.

There was that same strange green gleam in Lillian Rothermel's eyes as she went down the stairs, and the same cruel, pitiless smile hovering on her lips.

But Winnie did not know aught but that she was free to marry him whom she had loved first, last, always! She walked over to her writing-desk and penciled a note.

"Harry, my own, own Harry, will you let me be your wife at last? May I love you? Will you come and get me? Oh, Harry, my darling, I am so ecstatically happy. WINNIE."

She inclosed the letter he had written her months ago, and then sat down to realize, for the first time in so many weary days, what it meant to be happy!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 71.)

A Terrible Doom.

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

"You shall never wed another. I'll kill him first!"

"You!" sneered the beautiful girl, bestowing a look of contempt upon the gambler, who had just offered her the low-born love that pulsated through his base heart.

"Yes, I—Basil Julian."

"Why, Basil Julian, you haven't the courage to strike a man in the back! You talk of revenge. You talk of revenge that inhabits this verdant earth. You talk of murder. Are you not ashamed of yourself? I loathe the coward's presence. Go!"

The look accompanying the command was too much for Basil Julian, and he sneaked from the beauty's presence like a whipped cur.

Months passed away, and nothing was seen of the rejected gambler.

In the mean time, Thomas Hardin had moved further into the wilds of Dakota, and settled upon the eastern verge of the hunting grounds of the Assiniboin.

Presently other ambitious settlers followed his example, and quite a collection of rude, but comfortable, huts arose in the wilderness.

The village was named after its founder, Hardinsville.

One beautiful night in the winter of 1870-1 the placid queen of night looked down upon a startling drama, which will never fade from the minds of the actors and spectators.

In the center of a plot of timberless country, about ten miles south of Hardinsville, and within sight of the Pacific Railroad, a party of Indians held a huge elk to the ground. The animal, apparently unhurt, made frantic but futile efforts to rise.

"Why don't the pale-face come?" muttered one savage, glancing over his shoulder at the moon.

"He is like the snail that carries its wigwag upon its back," said another, panting over the task committed to their joint care.

"Ha! they come," suddenly exclaimed a third, as the icy blast brought the tread of horses' feet to their ears.

The others uttered exclamations of joy, and beheld five horsemen approaching from the west. As they neared the Indians, it was discovered that two of the party were white men, the remainder Assiniboin.

The elk-holders sent forth grunts of satisfaction at this discovery, and one set up a shout, which was answered by a peculiar cry from the new-comers.

Presently rein was drawn around the prostrate elk, and one of the whites dismounted.

The other's hands were tied upon his back, and his nether limbs lashed to the steed.

He was a young man of manly mold and prepossessing appearance. His garb and bearing told that he had not long been a resident of Dakota.

The dismounted white, who seemed to have a great deal of influence with the Indians, darted looks of triumphant hate at the prisoner, at whose side sat Wampaga, the Black Wolf of the Assiniboin.

"Unbind him, warriors," commanded the chief, at a sign from the white upon the ground.

In the twinkling of an eye the prisoner's bonds were severed, and he was lifted from the horse.

"What mean the indignities to which I have been and still am subjected?" he de-

manded, turning suddenly to his pale-faced brother, whose fiendishly triumphant leer could scarcely be misunderstood.

"It means, sir, that I am about to have revenge," was the reply, in a hoarse, passionate tone.

"Revenge!" echoed the prisoner, a look of mingled wonderment and surprise flitting across his face. "I never knowingly wronged any man. Can you say that and speak the truth? I never saw you until to-night. I do not even know your name."

"My name is Basil Julian," thundered the other, striding up to the prisoner. "Perhaps, Luke Mason, you've heard Laura Hardin speak of me?"

"I have."

"Then you might easily tell why you are here. Five months ago, that little jade of a Laura Hardin refused to become my bride, and called me every mean name she could master."

"You deserve all you received," said young Mason, calmly gazing into his infuriated enemy's flashing eyes.

"You lie!" was the hissing rejoinder. "But, to proceed with my story, it riled me to think of courting a girl for ten months to be spit upon, and I told her that she should never become a bride—that I would kill her lover first. Do you see that elk? He is as untractable as the Bengal tiger. I hunted him over these snows for many a long day before I captured him—to carry you to death. Yes, my men are going to bind you to his back and set him at liberty. Then, away

THE Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 19, 1871.

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38 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

A Romance of the Ring and Tent!

In the coming issue we give the opening chapters of

The Boy Clown; OR, THE QUEEN OF THE ARENA.

BY FRANK STANISLAUS FINN.

In which the strange, nomadic life of the Circus man is vividly depicted. In a series of episodes in the ring and in the narrative of the touching love between the Boy Clown and the Young Queen we have a story of remarkable novelty and of absorbing interest.

So out of the beaten path is the BOY CLOWN that its comparative brevity as a serial (it will run through only about five numbers), will be a source of regret, perhaps, but for that reason will be anticipated with all the more expectation.

We have scenes in the tent; the cavalcade on its endless round, traveling at night; the singular train of events which throw the beautiful girl of fourteen into the circus company to become the Queen of the Arena; the diabolical scheme of the trapeze-tender and its almost fatal result; the loves of the young Clown and the Queen; their escape to avoid a subtly-conceived plan of persecution, etc.,—all told in a manner to arrest attention and to excite the sympathy of all classes of readers, young and old alike.

In our search for novelties, we have succeeded in securing several good things for early issue—of which this romance is the forerunner.

Our Arm-Chair.

On Dit.—Our contributors and collaborators are fitting everywhere in quest of rest and relief from business calls. Dr. Wm. Mason Turner, who usually summers at Atlantic City, is off for the White Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier, Va. Dr. Turner is a Virginian born, and therefore is "at home" there. He promises us, in due course, a romance of Virginia life.—Captain J. F. C. Adams and his good friend, Ralph Ringwood, contemplate an early trip to some of their old haunts among "the Rockies." They probably will take a run down the great Colorado Canon—hoping to intercept the exploring party now en route. Capt. Adams is equal to a full exploration of that seemingly unexplored and mysterious "King of the Canons."—Agile Penne is rustivating and wielding the agile rod at Cooperstown, New York—beautiful Cooperstown, embosomed in great hills and coquetting with Otsego Lake, which toys with her feet. May his pen win new inspiration there!—Our Literary Manager, Mr. David Adams, is off for a summer cruise to the Lakes, down the St. Lawrence, over the White Mountains, returning to his work early in August. We may add—he has a sharp eye for stars!—Our artist, George G. White, also "goes off"—as he has a right to, for he is a very assiduous worker, and has earned a good long rest among the hills and woods, which he loves so well.—Mrs. Mary Crowell, at Newport and Nahant, looking after that society which she knows so well how to paint. She handles the love phases of "modern society" marvelously well, as our readers will attest.—Our Mr. Beadle has gone to his elegant summer house on the Susquehanna, near Cooperstown, his native place, among whose grand hills and fair valleys he is in more senses than one—"at home."

Thank You!—The excellent *New York Era* thus characterizes our efforts to lead the fleet of weekly papers now in a close race for precedence in popular favor:—"The SATURDAY JOURNAL is the handsomest weekly literary paper that comes to our office. In design and general appearance it is tasteful, its engravings spirited and well executed, and its humorous articles, stories and poetry, peculiarly American and of a high order. It is a live paper, and, as a consequence, has become an indispensable 'institution' to romance readers and others."

It makes our labors lighter to receive such notice from those so well qualified to judge as to what constitutes a good paper.

"Stick."—Our excellent proof-reader is after the lexicographers in the following: "It is remarkable that neither Webster nor Worcester give the true derivation of the little instrument used by printers to set type in, called a 'stick.' It comes from the Greek word *stichos*, which means a line, and from which 'distich,' two lines, and 'hemistich,' half a line, are derived. 'Stick,' therefore, means 'a line,' and the printer's 'stick' (it should be spelled 'stich') is so called because it measures the length of every line set in it."

We are happy to make this "note of it," and are sure printers will thank Mr. L. for his correction of the dictionaries.

Who Knows?—A correspondent, signing himself, "An Anxious Inquirer," writes to know the meaning of the following, which, he says, is from Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews' exposition of his science of Universal Language:—"This new stage of science is technically the Descending Wing of the Dismal Stage of the Scientific Mental Evolution lapping over the Trisimal or Integral Method, and governing it, as Induction arose at the other extreme, out of the Unimial Stage."

This reminds us of the story of the Winnebago chief. Visiting Washington City, to see his Great Father, a long speech was made to him by Andy Johnson. To this the chief listened patiently, and responded: "Speech big! Outagicheloo go home happy, but he no understand what Great Father said."

A wag who was present remarked, "The Winnebago of it is, 'Your people are gone suckers,'" probably alluding to the whisky-drinking propensities of the race.

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GO AT IT!

Three little words; but they express a great deal when taken together. To the young man starting in life we say, remember the three little words, "Go at it," and live up to them. No matter how hard the toil, how steep the hill, how long the road, "go at it." The end will come, and victory crown your efforts.

A little party of playfellows, strolling through a wood, came to a brook. It must be crossed, or else their steps retraced.

One measures the distance with his eyes. "Too far," he exclaims, sadly. The look is enough. He doesn't dare to even attempt the leap. Another confidently cries, "I can do it." He "goes at it." Ten chances to one that he gains the other side.

Follow those two boys through the world. Trace their progress as they fight the battle of life. The one, "letting I dare not wait upon I would," falters at critical moments, loses golden chances, and permits rivals to outstrip him in the race.

The other dashes on at the obstacles that rise in his path of life with the same confidence, with the same energy, with which he essayed the leap across the brook in childhood's days. True, many a time his eyes deceive him. The leap is beyond his strength to compass, and he splashes in the stream. But he is discouraged at the failure? Never a bit. He learns by experience. His guess is truer the next time. But he does not halt, sit down by the roadside and whine, "I can't do it." He goes at it; tries, and succeeds nine times where he fails once.

How often do we hear our fellow-workers in this world's life bemoaning their evil fortune, and declaring that their lot is worse than anybody else's.

Such men never put in practice the sage injunction, "Go at it." Their hearts fail them at every brook they come to. Instead of boldly leaping over the obstacle, like turtles they waddle through the mud; they reach the opposite side, but show visible signs how disagreeable the passage was.

Young men, about to throw yourself into the busy wave of life, test your skill and strength against the tide that sweeps ever onward, be sure and "go at it" bravely. Whatever you have to do, do it well. Don't neglect small things; the world is made up out of trifles. The boy who is very particular about sweeping out the store, who doesn't leave any dirt after him, who does his work thoroughly, will make a good clerk. He is in the road to become a successful merchant.

Often we see a man turn up his nose in contempt at his work. "I am not in my proper sphere," he declares, loftily. He then proceeds to tell what he ought, and is able, to do; but his words are not convincing ones. His actions don't back them up. If he performed his present duties well—"up to the handle," as the old Yankee says—his might believe him when he asserts that he is fit for something better.

Whatever your calling in life, make up your mind not to let any of your fellows that work by your side excel you. Be the first man in your business, no matter whether you carry a hod, or grave graceful lines in silver and gold. Make it your boast that you are master of your trade.

It is very rare in this world that true merit fails to command success. It can not be hid under a bushel forever. Its time will come.

Know yourself. Calculate what you are worth, and the estimate that the world shall accept of the estimate that you have made. If it is a false one, you'll find it out soon enough. There is nothing like hard knocks for teaching a man what he amounts to.

A man may fancy himself capable of a great many things; but, until he tries, he will never really know what is in him. He can fail, and failure isn't such a terrible thing, after all. We have seen many a man look nobler when the waves of misfortune were breaking over his head than when he wore the laurel wreath of the conqueror.

KING LEAR.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

KING LEAR, of Britain, finding himself quite aged, and the affairs of state weighing heavily upon him, resolved to divide his kingdom (a wide streak of bald divided his crown) between his three daughters, Goneril, Regan and Cordelia. He accordingly called them together one day for the purpose of announcing his intentions. Goneril and Regan were of the strong-minded sort. They were delegates to all the Woman's Rights conventions, lectured, and belonged to the Sorosis. They were married, the former to the Duke of Albany (of the Albany Regency), and the latter to the Duke of Cornwall. Cordelia was a young lady of a sweet, retiring disposition, quite domestic in her tastes and aspirations, and a great favorite with her father. The King of France and the Duke of Burgundy were each a suitor for her hand, though it was yet uncertain which would win.

King Lear made a little speech on the occasion. He spoke of his advanced years, told them how tired he was of listening to applications for post-offices and the like, and declaring himself in favor of the one-term principle. Then he wanted to know which of his girls loved him most. Goneril and Regan exhausted all the adjectives, besides drawing largely on the other parts of speech, in declaring their affection, so that, when it came poor Cordelia's turn, there was nothing left for her to say.

Her sisters had assured the king they loved him better than all the world besides, not excepting their husbands; but Cordelia, not being strong-minded, entertained the old-fashioned notion that her husband, when she got one, would be entitled to a portion of her love, and so intimated; which so enraged old man Lear that he disinherited her on the spot, and declared she should not even have the halo!

The Duke of Kent interfered in behalf of Cordelia, and was instantly banished to New Jersey, with that promptness which characterized Lear as an executive officer. He then divided Britain between Goneril and Regan, and I may remark, in passing, that Britain has been a good deal divided, at times, ever since.

Lear then asked the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy which of them would accept the dowryless Cordelia for a wife. The duke expressed himself extremely sorry, and all that—regret it, "pon honor"—devilish fine girl, Cordelia is—great deal of style, but—ahem!—no "stamps!" She might answer for the King of France—he's well "heeled"—but she wouldn't do for Burgundy, bur-gracious!

The King of France loved Cordelia for her own self, and was secretly pleased at the reflection that he wouldn't have a father-in-law hanging around him if he married her, so he made her his queen, and they took the first steamer for Calais.

Lear stipulated, in parting with his kingdom and his crown, that he should retain one hundred knights and board with his two daughters during alternate months. This was settled, and the old man prepared to spend his last days in peace.

But, after the property was settled on the girls, and they had come into possession, things were different. He discovered that being a king was one thing, and being a boarder was quite another. Goneril, or Mrs. Albany, with whom he stopped the first month, cooled toward him, and the servants, taking their cue from her, waxed insolent. The cook scolded if he came down late to breakfast, and the hired girl rated him for tracking the floor after she had been mopping. They didn't invite the old man into the parlor when they had company, but left him sitting on the back stoop all by himself; and more than half the time he had to go to bed without any candle. He was very evidently in the way, and began to feel it.

In the mean time, the Duke of Kent, whom he had banished, came to him disguised as a hired man (a personage so much more useful than a nobleman that Lear did not recognize him), and offered to work for thirteen dollars a month and found, which offer was accepted. Kent did this in order to take care of the old king, knowing that he would need it before the play was over.

How often do we hear the emperor changed his shirts, what hair restorer the queen used, when the prince had the measles or when the measles had the prince; we would not know of the last royal feat that scratched gravel for a healthier shore—we would have been woefully off. Thrice blessed be that little bark that drifted lonely over the waters, and then came to Columbus. I suppose you all know how he discovered America—with his eyes of course. The United States had been rescued from oblivion, and the ultimate result of the fifteenth amendment was sure, but by far the greatest thing to be solved was the question, "What brand do those Indians smoke?"

Sir Walter Raleigh, or Swalter Raleigh, as he is more generally called, came over in the days of good queen Bess to solve the question, and to him should all lovers of the weed do reverence; he found that it was Lorillard's famous Yacht Club that they smoked in preference to any other brand of tobacco, and he was persuaded by the old chief to smoke a little himself. Sir Walter took the proffered meerschaum, artistically colored, and gave one draw, but forgetting to puff the smoke out, he swallowed it, and failed to make it come out at his eyes. The natural result of this was that his breath was quite short for a few minutes, but by-and-by he learned the art, with the occasional loss of a meal, and having accomplished the object of his mission, he sailed for England, carrying a good stock of the herb with him, and a real Indian as a sign, and opened up the first tobacco shop on that side of the water.

The queen, delighted over the discovery of tobacco as much as she would have been over the discovery of a new knife for taking heads off without offense to the owners thereof, besought Sir Walter to call and see her and bring his pipe along and stay awhile.

He entered the royal presence with his meerschaum—or an imitation, rather—and the first puff went straight into the jolly sovereign's face. Not being used to it, of course there was a royal struggle; but they cut her corset-strings and let her expand, and she hove to all right. She bade him be more careful, and Sir Walter then swallowed some of the smoke himself and made it come out of his ears, while the queen gave a slight scream, and pounded him on the back with her scepter, quite hard, by the way, as she thought he would choke; then he blew the smoke out of his mouth in the form of rings, in the Fifth Avenue Hotel style, which amused the queen greatly.

Then he took out a paper of fine-cut, and put into his mouth a hunk about the size one takes when he borrows a chew and tobacco is high. The queen, not comprehending it as well as we do now, thought he was going to commit suicide; but, instead of that, he began to chew it in the highest style of the art, and to spit all over every thing just like a modern gentleman, one of the present time—but he hadn't the precision of aim which an old marksman has, for when he aimed at a red flower on the carpet he was sure to spit on a yellow one, and his shirt-bosom was very modernized. He finally spat on the queen's trail, and she spat him in the face, which was *quid pro quo*. He then threw the quid out of the window and knocked a servant down with it, and took out a box of Maceboyn snuff and gently inveigled a pinch into his nose, and began to sneeze like an army looking for an eclipse a few minutes before the eclipse is ready for them. This part of the performance wasn't much of a success, for he had taken a little too much, and he found it tickled his nose a little more than would a straw. He sneezed very violently, he liked to have jerked his head off, tears ran down his face, he lost control of himself, he ran around the room like a house afire, he made the worst picture on record, he sneezed against the wall, he sneezed out the window, he laid down on the floor and rolled over, and was finally kicked out of the palace in a way that was not to be sneezed at.

He then retired behind his own counter, had his live Indian newly painted, and pushed the tobacco business to such an extent that the whole kingdom of Great Britain couldn't furnish cabbage-leaves enough. He was the inventor of the celebrated cob-pipe, and induced Queen Bess to dip snuff and smoke, but she never got to chewing to a very great extent.

Sir Walter died from a sudden shortening of the neck, occasioned by his putting powder in the queen's cup when in a playful mood, and his business went into various hands. By the way, have you any tobacco with you? WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Mr. Campbell's New Story.

We shall, in a succeeding number or two, commence the new serial from the pen of Bartley T. Campbell (Edwin South)—one of the most pleasing and popular writers of fiction now catering for the weekly press. To our readers he was introduced by his "In the Web"—a story so full of capital points, so graphic as a story and so powerful in its exposition of character, that readers may well anticipate a treat in his

OUT IN THE WORLD;

OR,

THE FOUNDLING OF RAT ROW.

fill fast with sweet tears, while the windows through which it looks are undimmed by a drop of moisture.

A LOVING LIFE.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

Let love inspire thee, and thy life shall be
A daily prayer to heaven for sinful earth;
For by true love hath all true virtue birth;
And He whose life was love shall strengthen thee.
For love, like perfume in the flower's cup,
O'er many a wanderer in this world of gulf;
To all each breeze with sweetness like its own:
Thus by our loving lives a way is thrown
(Even tho' that way to us be all unknown)
And thus a soul may cost us but a smile!
Let then our love in loving deeds be shown;
For, as their fragrance life itself above,
Be sure that many a heart is lifted thus by love.

Foolscap Papers.

Sir Walter Raleigh, the first Tobaccoist.

AMERICA had been discovered. For countless ages the United States had occupied but a small place in the world's history. The mighty Mississippi was comparatively unknown; the Niagara Falls had roared unheard by European ears. Chicago's grain market had been very dull, the divorce business was poor in Indiana, Barnum hadn't yet made his first show, Horace Greeley hadn't yet planted his first bed of long-winded revolving onions, Long Branch had not yet begun to be the capital. The properties of Indian corn were unguessed and the Indian smoked his pipe in silence and in peace, undisturbed by a white man, begging for another pipe-full—but America had been discovered by Columbus. Had it never been discovered, we would be in a pretty fix. We would be totally without the latest French styles and would suffer much; we would be deprived of the knowledge of how often the emperor changed his shirts, what hair restorer the queen used, when the prince had the measles or when the measles had the prince; we would not know of the last royal feat that scratched gravel for a healthier shore—we would have been woefully off. Thrice blessed be that little bark that drifted lonely over the waters, and then came to Columbus. I suppose you all know how he discovered America—with his eyes of course. The United States had been rescued from oblivion, and the ultimate result of the fifteenth amendment was sure, but by far the greatest thing to be solved was the question, "What brand do those Indians smoke?"

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The hidden cistern of the soul may fill fast with sweet tears, while the windows through which it looks are undimmed by a drop of moisture.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. presented for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only when stamps accompany the inclosures, for such return.—Book MS. postage is two cents for every four lines, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book MS., and be sealed in wrappers with type and in order to pass their air at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as to "style," length, etc. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note paper as much as possible, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Contributors must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Will find place for the following short stories and sketches: "The Cousin's Plot," "A Brother's Blood," "Mad Agnes' Warning," "Jona," "Betrayed," "The Chief's Pledge," "The Hidden Treasure," "Lost and Found," "Capture of Samson," "The Pizen Stuff," "Pirate's Prize," "Just in Time," "Love in a Farm House," "The Fair Conspirators," "How he was Cured."

Can not use "Leap for Life," "Waiting," "All's well that ends well," "Honey and Balm," "All of a Piece," "The Scratch on the Hand," "Altered Heart's Enemy." No stamps with any of these—hence, the *Morgue*.

We return "Happy Old Age" for revision. Poem, "May," is now somewhat out of season. It is very well for a first effort.

Poem, "Blonde or Brunette," we will try and use.—Ditto, poem, "Old Maid's Warning, and essay, "Slang."

Poem, "When we think of Mother," is good in spirit but defective in expression, with occasional prosy lines. Poems of pathetic and ideal perfection, both in form and utterance, else the *pathos* is destroyed. No stamp.

Will use "If"—a very happy rhyme.

P. E. M., Boston. I should have to say no to your poetry and stories. Judging by your note we think you are not yet qualified to write for the press. If you have an author's ambition, study.

BRENN ADAMS. We shall publish "The Black Crescent," "The Surf Angel," and "The Boy Hunter," at an early day.

"Squaky Flat" is very good of its kind. We will find place for it.

Poem, "Dead, Dead," we do not care to use at the price named. And—is it original with Jas. McN.?

"Lines to Maggie" are unavailable. The author need not send on the Italian story referred to.

H. G. BOLLES. We know but little about the "Judgment Day Apostles." There is such a sect—kind of outgrowth of the old Millenarists. There always will be theologians far from the end of the world is close at hand. The time now fixed upon for Christ's second coming is in the year 1888, for, in what year Easter will fall, which is about April, which is St. Mark's day; Good Friday on the 23d, St. George's day, and the feast of Corpus Christi on St. John the Baptist's day. Hundreds of years ago Nostradamus in his "Centuries" made a prediction which may be translated thus:—

When George shall crucify God,
Mark raise him up, and shall be crucified,
And John shall bear his body,
The end of the world is near.

FRED, New Orleans, writes: "I am in love with two very pretty girls, one very dark, with black hair, and the other blue eyes and light hair. I want to marry and do not know which one to take. Can you advise me through the JOURNAL?" and he adds, as complicating the difficulty: "both have plenty of money, and both love me." Lucky fellow! You'll have to flip up a quarter—heads, black eye wins. Physiologically, you should marry a temperamental unlike your own.

H. E. The son of your aunt's brother-in-law is no relation to you.

OVERLAND. Yes, there is telegraphic communication from New York to San Francisco. New York city (Manhattan Island) is about two miles wide by eleven long.

WOONSCRETT. The lines:—"Men change their fortune, manners change with climes," Tenets with books, and principles with times," are by Pope.

ALICE M. E. wishes us to send her the back numbers of the JOURNAL, containing Mr. Albert W. Aiken's story of the "Witches of New York." We can not oblige Miss Alice, as the story of the "Witches" has already been published in the JOURNAL. New York is a MS. play by Mr. Aiken, and has never been published, nor is it likely to be; but, in obedience to the popular demand for "Witches," in story form, Mr. Aiken, during his professional life, this coming fall and winter, will write a serial story which will be entitled, "Royal Kismet, Actor, Lawyer and Detective; or, 'The Witches of New York.'" This we shall publish in the JOURNAL.

MARTHA. You complain of your husband absenting himself from home, and say that the more you scold, the more he stays. You are right. We use us of a passage in the memoirs of Miss Edgeworth's father, which we quote for your benefit. He says: "My wife was prudent and economical, but she was not of cheerful temper. She lamented about trifles, and the lamenting of a female with whom we live does little good, and is a great deal of harm. Now, Mr. Edgeworth was a very cheerful, domesticated and sober man; and, moreover, he had married a poor girl for love, and yet he could forty years afterward, pen his memoirs, and say that that you are something like Mrs. Edgeworth, lamenting about trifles, and annoying your husband with a parrot-like cry of incessant troubles. If so, how can you wonder at your husband running away from you? There is nothing at home to charm him to stay, and you are the cause of his going. Your complaints have driven him to some other friend in the evening. Try another course; forget your petty cares in your husband's presence. Make the home as bright and cheerful as possible, and so pleasant, that he will not care to seek comfort elsewhere."

NO CARDS. Yes; common playing cards were once used as visiting cards, the name being written on the back. Hogarhts great-grandfather, in his "Marriage à la Mode," supplies the proof. In plate IV., there are several cards lying on the floor over the right-hand corner of the picture. We are subscribed, "Comt Basset begs to no how Lade Squader slept last night."

EVA. The legend of the Robin Redbreast is as follows: "While he was on his way to his nest, one of these birds plucked a thorn from his crown, which died its breast; and ever since that time robin redbreasts have been the friend of man."

ERMAINE. It is impossible to tell the character by his handwriting. Only quacks pretend to this capacity. A man's temperament may, perhaps, be inferred from his physiognomy, but not his character.

ELFIE writes: "I met a gentleman at a ball last winter, and he paid me a great deal of attention. Afterward I frequently met him in the street, while on my way to and from work. He professes to admire me very much and wants me to promise to marry him, but all I really know of him is his name, and that he seems to be a gentleman. He is perfectly splendid in bookkeeping. Do you think I would be acting silly to marry him without knowing anything more about him? Please tell me what you think about it. Your pretended lover reminds us of the Scottish freebooter, who, after marriage, summed up the qualifications he had previously, with lively nonchalance, as follows:—

"A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A bonnet of the blue;
A doublet of the Lincoln green,
Twas all of me you knew."

And really this is about as much as many young girls know of the young man with whom they "keep company," as it is called. Really such conduct is worse than silly, and more than a little of the old gentleman's sarcasm, when he said that he had found women afraid of every thing except getting married. As marriage is such a serious condition, it should be based on mutual respect, and that can not be the case when one of the parties is ignorant of who and what the other really is. Besides, mystery is the mother of suspicion and distrust, and a moral system like a cancer on the physical. They wear it away, and in the one case comes death, and in the other, a violent revolution in married life. If there be no mutual confidence to start with, there must, eventually, come distrust, anger and, probably, brutality, separation and crime. We would seriously advise Miss Elfie to find out all about her admirer before she pledged her word to give herself and her life's happiness into his care.

IRON CURY. Yes, Mr. Albert W. Aiken will appear in Pittsburgh, at the Fifth Avenue Opera House, on October 28th. He will be accompanied by his own New York company of dramatic artists, and will produce his famous play of the Witches of New York. It is very rare indeed that a dramatic star carries his company with him, but Mr. Aiken acts sofly because he loves the art, and he will not play unless he has able artists to support him.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

ADJURATION.

BY ALMA LEFFEL.

Flow down, then silver waterfall,
Flow down forevermore;
No memories canst thou recall—
Ah, never, nevermore!

Flow swiftly on, kiss thy fern leaves,
But who do forget them not;
Oh, love a friend that loving cleaves,
A friend is last forgot.

Oh, dash thy spray upon the pines,
And on this mossy bed;
Betwixt the friendless who reclines,
With only sky o'erhead.

Thou seek'st the flower's very heart,
In seeking to do good;
Would I had friends not more apart,
Than thou and thy sweet wood!

Strange Stories.

THE OWLS OF LA VENDEE.

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

BY AGILE PENNE.

On the rocky shore, upon which leaped the waters of the bay of Vannes, stood the Tower of Chateaubriant.

The Chateaubriants of Vannes were an ancient and a noble race, proud of their blood and tenacious of their honor.

At the time of which we write, the black cloud of war had burst over fair France. The neck of the Bourbon had felt the keen edge of the steel, and Paris gutters had run red with noble blood. Then came the soulevé, young Napoleon; first the servant of the Republic; then its master.

But when the wave of revolution swept over the land, nearly all of Brittany had remained faithful to the royal cause.

The golden lilies and the tri-color—the royalists and the republicans—met in fierce encounter amid the hills and plains of La Vendée.

Beaten in the open field, the royalists had betaken themselves to the recesses of the hills. By night attack and sudden surprise they strove to break the grip of iron that the republicans held on Brittany.

Amid the dense forests—disputing with the wolf for its rocky lair—the followers of the golden lilies found shelter.

At night the hoot of the owl—their chosen signal—called them forth to "desperate adventure and destruction." And so the royal party were known as the *Chouans* (owls) of La Vendée.

In one of the chambers of the Tower, that fronted on the sea, lay a dying man. Around him knelt a circle of weeping domestics. A little boy, some four years of age, clung with streaming eyes to the breast of the expiring man.

The flickering candles—it was night—shed a dim light over the scene.

The man was Raymond, lord of Chateaubriant. The boy that clung to his breast, his only son and heir, named Raymond like his father, after the good old Breton fashion.

Raymond of Chateaubriant was one of the most daring of all the Chouan leaders. In a night attack upon a republican post, he had been mortally wounded. The "Owls" had borne him home to die.

"Has he not come yet?" questioned the sufferer, feebly.

"Not yet, monsieur," replied the old doctor, who stood by the head of the bed, and gazed with an anxious eye upon the sick man.

The storm roared without, and the waves dashed with a sullen roar against the stones of the Tower.

And who was it that they waited for in the chamber of death? Hercules St. George, cousin to the lord of Chateaubriant, his nearest kin, and the man whom he had selected as the guardian of his son.

Monsieur St. George was not a bluff and free-hearted soldier like his cousin, but a cold and silent man; more lawyer than soldier.

"Will he never come?" moaned the sick man, with feverish impatience.

But, even as he spoke, the door opened, and St. George entered the apartment. Hastily he cast aside the wet cloak that covered him, and kneeling by the side of the dying Raymond, took his clammy hand in his.

"I am here, cousin," he said.

The eyes of the lord brightened for a moment as he feebly tried to return the pressure of the other's hand.

"Cousin, I have received my summons," he said, faintly. "A republican bullet has closed my account. My son, Raymond—I confide him to your care. Bring him up to love his country and his king. He is weak and tender—a feeble scion of my tough race. If he should die, then, cousin, you are my heir."

"Do not think of such a thing; under my fostering care he will live to be an honor to Brittany," St. George said, earnestly. "I pledge my soul to rear him as if he were my own."

Then on the air—borne on the wings of the storm—came the shrill hoot of an owl; a second owl answered the first.

All within the chamber, except the dying lord, the cousin and the child, shuddered. The cry of the "obscure bird" seemed like an omen of evil!

A strange glare appeared in the dull eyes of Chateaubriant.

"Do you hear, cousin?" he cried, with strange energy for one so near death's door; "tis the cry of the owls; their notes bode death to traitors; never yet have they rung in republican ears but the charge of the royal sons of La Vendée followed. Cousin, if you prove false to your trust may the vengeance of the owls fall upon you!"

Again the lone and hollow hoot of the owls mingled with the wailing of the tempest's blast. Before the sound had died away on the air, the soul of the lord of Chateaubriant had winged its flight from earth.

The boy flung himself, sobbing, upon the breast of the dead.

"Do not weep, little son," said St. George, kindly, and he took the child in his arms as he spoke. Heaven has taken away one father, but sent thee another in me. We will have grand times in the future. You are now the little lord of all around; see!"

With the boy in his arms, he approached the casement and threw it open. The night was black as ink; far below, the surge of the billows rose upon the air.

"And, on yonder water, when the sunlight plays upon it, you shall have a silver boat, with a golden mast and sails of silk, like fairy-land."

For the third time the owls cried.

St. George started in terror at the sound

A cry of horror burst from his lips. All within the room turned in alarm.

"By Heaven! the boy has sprung from my arms into the sea!" St. George exclaimed.

A shriek of terror rose on the air. Quickly stout Pierre—once a fisherman, but lately the chosen henchman of the lord of Chateaubriant—sprang to the window, and leaping upon the low sill, peered out into the darkness.

"What would you do?" cried St. George, in astonishment.

"Take a header into yonder surge; perchance I may find the boy!"

"But 'tis almost certain death!"

"It's only fifty feet, and I'd risk it for the sake of my master's son, if, instead of the ocean, it were a lake of flames!" the hardy Breton replied.

St. George extended his hand as if to detain him, but the action came too late, for the faithful servant leaped into the darkness.

The storm howled wilder than ever, and the angry billows dashed their white spray high in the air.

With lighted torches, St. George and the servants of the household descended to the shore. Their search was fruitless.

Pierre, the fisherman, and Raymond, the boyish heir of Chateaubriant, were never seen again.

Time passed on. By the terms of Chateaubriant's will, Monsieur St. George took possession of the estate. Unlike his cousin, he gave in his adherence to the usurper, as the royal Bretons called the Corsican, Napoleon.

The tenants of Chateaubriant found that there was a wonderful difference between the cousins. Their new master was hard and stern. He ground them to the dust.

Twenty years passed away. The Corsican emperor went down and the Bourbon king came back. Ever prompt to adopt the winning side, St. George now turned his coat again, and cried, "God save the king!" as lustily as he had exclaimed "Live the Republic!" or "Vive l'Empereur!"

St. George, with many other of the leading gentlemen of the province, met the representative of the Bourbon at Rennes, and assured him of his loyalty.

Behold him then, the conference done, riding home in the faint light of a new moon!

The forest is dark and drear on either side. The pines sway in the night breeze with a mournful sound.

St. George shivers, not with cold, for the summer air is warm, but with a silent terror that has crept over his soul. Never before has the homeward road seemed so long.

Strange thoughts come into his mind. Again he is in the chamber of death; again he lies to a dying man; again he seizes the estates of the orphan; again he hears the hoot of the night-bird piercing the night air.

St. George shivers, nervously, and urges his horse on still faster. The way is dark; the path full of gloom.

Then, on the breeze, sounds the cry of the owls. Before, behind, on every side, the dread note resounds.

From the gloom of the forest springs a dark form; he catches the bridle of St. George's horse. The steed starts in affright, for the dark form has the figure of a man and the head of an owl!

A score or more of dark shadows, wearing masks, surround the horseman.

St. George was dragged from his seat by no gentle hands and seated upon a fallen log that lay by the roadside. Around him, in a circle, gathered the masked men. He that wore the head of the owl, apparently the chief of the rest, faced St. George.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" demanded St. George, in an angry tone. His courage had returned at finding that he had to deal with men rather than with specters.

"Hercule St. George, now falsely called the lord of Chateaubriant!" said the owl, in a deep voice, that was strangely familiar to the ear of St. George.

"Why do you say that?" cried St. George, "who disputes my right to the estates of Chateaubriant?"

"Raymond, the son of the last lord of that tower," replied the owl.

"He is dead!"

"Hercule St. George, how did he die?" demanded the owl, sternly.

"The story is known to all the province," replied St. George, in confusion.

"Perhaps I am a stranger; therefore, answer the question," cried the chief of the masked men, in a tone that told plainly that he was not to be trifled with.

"He sprung from my arms into the sea, the night his father died, frightened by the cry of an owl," St. George said, slowly.

"You lie!" cried the owl, in a stern voice.

"He did not spring from your arms, but you, yourself, cast him into the sea that you might seize his estate."

"Who dares to make this charge against me?" exclaimed St. George, his face white, either with anger or with fear.

"The Owls of La Vendée!" replied the stranger. "Look around you; all these men followed the lead of Raymond de Chateaubriant. Do you remember the dying words of your cousin?—'if you prove false to your trust may the vengeance of the owls fall upon you!'"

"Mercy, mercy!" gasped St. George, in terror.

"What mercy did you have upon your nephew when you cast him into the angry sea?" sternly demanded the owl.

"Again, I say, the charge is false! I did not do the deed!" St. George exclaimed.

"You lie, false-hearted traitor!" cried one of the masked men in a deep voice, that rung through the ears of St. George like a knell of doom.

"Merciful heavens!" he cried, in terror; "that voice! who are you?"

"Raymond of Chateaubriant!" cried the masked man, removing the covering that hid his face, and showing to the startled eyes of St. George the living image of his dead cousin.

"Alive!" St. George gasped.

"Yes, thanks to me!" cried the owl, taking off his head and revealing the features of the Breton, Pierre. "I leaped into the ocean, rescued your victim, but evaded your search. I knew that you sought his life, and I determined to save him from you. In a foreign land he grew to manhood; has fought ever against the men who killed his father, but now the Bourbons have got his own again, and the heir of Chateaubriant returns to claim his rights; but, first, he witnesses the vengeance of the owls!"

Hercule St. George never returned to the Tower of Chateaubriant. Search revealed his body in the forest, a pistol-bullet through the brain.

Young Raymond, who held the commission of captain in the royal service, claimed and got his ancestral tower. The human owls no longer haunted the forest of La Vendée.

Rena's Jealousy.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

"I AM very sorry, Rena, but I have an engagement that I can not break. Only for that I would go with pleasure."

It was Harry Sherwood who spoke, to his

fair betrothed, Rena Clubin, in answer to a request of hers to escort her to the *matinee* that afternoon.

They were a rarely handsome couple as they stood together, hand-in-hand, in the gloomy room. Rena Clubin was a brunette, with the darkly beautiful complexion and clear-cut features of her Spanish mother.

Rumor said that she had also inherited the hasty temper and proud, haughty spirit, as well. But if so, they were kept marvelously well under control, at least so far as Harry knew.

"I wished to go very much, but I suppose it can not be helped. You will call tonight?"

"I can't say—if at liberty I will."

"If at liberty! Your engagement must be a long one, Harry," half-pettishly cried Rena. "What is it—an oyster supper or wine party?"

"No—but I must go. Don't look for me to-night unless you see me coming," and then with a laughing kiss, Sherwood left the house.

Rena watched his tall, manly form as he strode along the street, and then as he vanished from view, she turned from the window with a half-sigh. "A small piece of paper upon the carpet caught her eye, and almost unconsciously she stooped to pick it up. A deep flush overspread her features, and her eyes glittered with a bright fire.

Two little words met her gaze; only two, but what a world of meaning did they convey! Words used by a woman, and yet such as no one had a right to use toward him, save her; the words:

"DARLING HARRY:

"I take the steamer 'Calypso,' and will be in St. Louis some time on Tuesday, the 14th. Meet me at the wharf, and then we can arrange all about the wedding. We had better go to some hotel until the affair is settled. But that I leave to you. Do not fail to meet the boat."

"Your own, LOUISE."

Rena read this, word by word, without a single compunction. What right had she to receive letters—and conched in such terms—from any other than her? A dark frown crossed her face as she crushed the dainty, perfumed billet in her palm.

Suddenly she reopened it, and glanced at the date mentioned, the 14th—it was that very day! This, then, was Harry's engagement. This woman's will—she who signed herself "Louise"—would keep him from paying his usual call that evening.

A cold gray shade settled upon Rena's face; a steely glitter filled her eyes. Evidently she had decided upon some course of action. Her spirit was not likely to fall in carrying out whatever she planned.

The fiery blood transmitted to her from her Spanish mother, was all aflame. She could not reason; she thought only of revenge for the insult thus placed upon her.

That woman never would have written thus, unless Harry had met her fully halfway. If he did that, he was not worthy a true woman's love. And Rena persuaded herself that the great, worshiping love had changed to contempt. She could not wait patiently until he should call, to tell him this; she would confront the guilty pair in their fancied security.

Rena glided up to the chamber and changed her dress to one dark and plain. Then she slipped within her bosom a strange article for such a receptacle!—a small, exquisitely-finished pistol. This was done as if unconsciously. Had she asked why she did so, she could not have answered.

Then leaving the house, unseen, she quickly turned the corner, hailing a hack, and was soon rolling rapidly toward the Upper Missouri steamers. As they came in full view of the river, Rena noted a carriage in which was Harry Sherwood. He did not see her, as the windows were raised, but was eagerly watching the Calypso as she slowly rounded at the wharf-boat.

Rena watched him as he sprung forward and warmly welcomed a lady, and the ashen pallor became more gray as he bowed his head and imprinted a warm kiss upon the upturned face. A stranger, could he have seen through the thick veil Rena wore, might have wondered at her death-like paleness, but would have little dreamed what a fearful tumult was raging beneath that stony mask. Those moments were ones of fearful torture to the jealous woman.

She noted the tender care of Harry as he led the lady up the steep stone wharf, choosing the less rugged places, and no less the clinging of her form to his. They seemed true lovers, so tenderly protecting was his care, so confiding was her reliance upon his strong arm.

A groan, faint and abruptly checked, but full of an inexpressible woe, rose to Rena's lips, as her lover lifted the graceful form into the carriage. Then, as if ashamed of her momentary weakness, she bit her lip until the pearly teeth were tinged with crimson. Then bending forward, she spoke to the driver:

"Follow that carriage—the one to your left. Don't lose sight of it, and your fare shall be doubled."

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"Follow that carriage—the one to your left. Don't lose sight of it, and your fare shall be doubled."

"Who—who is she?" gasped Rena, staggering back, and sinking into a chair.

"Who?—why it's Lou, my sister!"

And thus it was all explained. The writer of the note that had so well-nigh caused a tragedy, was indeed Harry's sister, who had suddenly concluded to leave her far Western home, to attend the wedding of her only brother. She had never met Rena, and they were planning a pleasant surprise, hoping to hasten the wedding, as she could only remain a week; her husband would consent to lose her for no longer, business detaining him at home.

The reader must imagine the reconciliation. Our pen can not depict it. Rena was the last to forgive her own mad jealousy, and from it—with the consequences that might have attended it, before her eyes—she learned a lesson that lasted a lifetime.

From that day to this, she has never been jealous of her husband; and indeed, he has been very careful not to give her the slightest cause for being so.

Haunted.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

It was the last room one would have thought to be the favorite resort of Guy Ernest's ghost; and yet, in that very apartment it was said he appeared.

It was a large, pleasant front room, facing Wentworth avenue, where hundreds of people were constantly passing, so that it bore no outward signs of mystery or loneliness.

Nor did it within: a gay Brussels carpet, just enough worn before the grate to give it a used, cozy appearance; a green reps lounge, with a fine white tidy lying over the curve; a book-case, high as the ceiling, filled with modern volumes; a small melodeon, two cushioned rocking-chairs, a camp chair, a mirror, and several very fine steel engravings adorned the walls; and that was the room into which Leah Glenclyffe was shown, that cold January afternoon, when the sunshine streamed redly through the damask curtains over the carpet.

"A haunted room! oh, Mrs. Brown, it's just splendid! To be sure I'll take it, and thank you, too. Don't I hope I may see this Guy Ernest's ghost?"

"Oh, Miss Leah! don't, for mercy's sake, talk so! Glad as I am to let the room since the poor, dear gentleman died, I won't listen to no such tempting of Providence."

And the worthy landlady folded her arms decisively.

Pretty Leah Glenclyffe laughed—she was remarkably pretty, too, and even matter-of-fact Mrs. Brown was secretly admiring the fresh, ruddy cheeks and bright, merry eyes of the young music-teacher, as she stood there, clad in her coquettish walking-suit of brown poplin, and tapping her foot gaily on the floor, as she looked half awe-struck, half quizzically around the room.

"Then I'll not annoy you, dear Mrs. Brown; just give me the key, and let me pay you a month in advance."

"And you'll remember I warned you? Ill-natured folks might say I imposed upon you."

Leah laughed lightly.

"To be sure you warned me, and I will not heed it; on my stubborn head be all the consequences. Who was this Guy Ernest, Mrs. Brown? He must have been musical, and refined," she said, as she glanced at the melodeon and the titles of the books.

"He was just the handsomest young gentleman I ever laid my eyes on; so tall and graceful-like; and—well, he was just as near to me as if he'd been my own, with his kind smiles and thoughtful words."

"That's good," said Leah, as she laid off her furs and sacque, and nestled down in the largest rocking-chair; "I think I should decidedly prefer a handsome ghost—there, I forgot my promise, I see."

Mrs. Brown smiled at her flushed, sparkling eyes.

"If you think the room'll suit, you're welcome to it, and I'll go down and tell the boarders—the gentlemen, I mean—you're come. They'll be proper glad; and they're nice fellows, all o' 'em."

But Leah Glenclyffe's face suddenly grew thoughtfully serious.

"Thank you, Mrs. Brown, but I don't want to be acquainted with them. I'd rather spend my evenings alone."

And Mrs. Brown went wonderingly down stairs, so astonished that a young pretty girl should not want gentlemen company, while Leah, with one of her sudden impulses, leaned back in the chair and cried softly.

And all because she felt so lonely, so heart-sick, ever since that miserable quarrel a year ago with Harry Brown.

She had been happy, he unforgiving. Then they parted coldly, forever; while Harry had gone off, no one knew where, and Leah had come to the great city to earn her living by herself. Sometimes she was gay; then so sad, and all the while she was praying for his return to her.

So she sat there, in the cozy room, until the tea-bell rung, and she went down to the dining-room to hear, over and over, Guy Ernest's story. How he had gone to the far West on a business tour, and the horrid news came back that he and several others had been murdered by the Indians. Since then, at times, he had been seen in his old room on Wentworth avenue, pale, wan, and shadowy, peering through the glass window over the door.

Leah smiled incredulously, and went back to her new quarters.

Weeks went by, and no restless spirit disturbed Leah's peace of mind, and Mrs. Brown began to think the rumor had been moonshine.

"You never see nothing, or never hear nothing? You're sure, Miss Glenclyffe?"

"Very sure, Mrs. Brown."

"Then I think you deserve a month's rent for nothing for proving it," went on Mrs. Brown, as she was vigorously polishing the already spotless mirror.

Now, then, Miss Glenclyffe, I'll leave you to yourself, seeing as I have got every thing so slick. Them shiny shandeliers look like solid silver. Don't they shine! I've rubbed 'em up. Poor Mr. Ernest always was so fond o' them silver-plated globes. I found him examining one of 'em once, when I came to shine 'em. They've never been polished since, I believe."

Leah glanced from the "Etude" she was practicing on Guy Ernest's melodeon, and nodded a pleasant affirmative, and then Mrs. Brown went away.

All that evening Leah felt particularly down-hearted; her loneliness had come over her in a strength of manner very unusual; and at nine o'clock she locked her

door, and turned down the gas for the night.

She was sitting in the dusky glare of the fire, facing the door.

Why she glanced up so suddenly, so nervously, she never can tell. Probably actuated by one of those mysterious powers over which we have no control; but with dilated eyes, and labored breath, she gazed at—the ghost!

There it was—faint, shadowy, looking at her from the other side of the glass window, with a strangely familiar expression on its face that, after a second piercing glance, brought a wild scream to her lips.

"Harry! Harry!"

Her cry brought Mrs. Brown, in alarm, to the door; and Leah tottered to admit her, half fearing to open the door, half delighted that she had seen her beloved's face once more.

The hall was empty, save for Mrs. Brown, who eagerly rushed in. Silently Leah closed the door, and glanced furtively up; then pointed Mrs. Brown to it—for there it was again, pale, shadowy, flowing in outline.

Mrs. Brown gave a little shriek, and covered up her face.

"Oh, Miss Glendyffe! come to my room, do! It's Mr. Ernest's dead face a-haunting us!"

"It is my lover, Mrs. Brown, and his name is Harry Burton."

In her surprise at Leah's unnaturally calm tones, Mrs. Brown opened her eyes.

"Harry Burt—who? That was poor Guy Ernest!"

A quick ring at the street door summoned Mrs. Brown away, who hurried through the entry as though the ghost itself were at her heels.

If she had been astounded at the sight in Leah Glendyffe's room, she was speechless from terrified amazement when she opened the parlor door; for Guy Ernest, ruddy, smiling as ever, came up to her, holding out his hand!

"I've stayed away longer than I expected, Mrs. Brown! No one came to my ring, so I walked right in. You look well, as usual."

But Mrs. Brown stood staring, half afraid to trust the evidence of her eyes.

"Are you sure it's you, Mr. Ernest?"

"Dead sure," he laughed. "Why should n't it be—oh! you thought I was scalped with the others? Thank God, I escaped!"

Then Mrs. Brown shook hands, while the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Somebody told me you were not Guy Ernest—you were Harry Burton. How is that?"

He colored a trifle before he answered.

"I am, really Harry Ernest Burton; I dropped the last, and added Guy, for certain reasons—a love affair, Mrs. Brown, which you surely will not ask about."

Mrs. Brown made no reply, but her blue eyes twinkled as she bade him go up and take a peep at his old room.

He followed her up the stairs, laughing and chatting, little thinking to whose ears the sound was wafted, when the door opened, and Leah stood there, pale as death, her eyes shining like December stars.

On he came, unaware of her presence, until, with a gasping cry, Leah sprung to him.

"Harry! Harry! you are not angry with me now?"

Her penitent, loving tones went like a thunderbolt to his ears. He glanced quickly at her, hesitated a second from sheer amazement, then took her in his arms.

"My little Leah—my own always!"

And Mrs. Brown knew Leah Glendyffe's troubles were over.

That night, when the lovers and the kind landlady were sitting in the "haunted" room, in the full blaze of the gas-light, Leah told Harry of the phantom of himself over the door. He laughed merrily.

"I never thought to frighten any one with it," he said, as he turned down the gas again, displaying the face as usual, over the door. "I arranged it for my own amusement. See."

He gradually raised the flame, and the picture withdrew; then, on one of the silver globes, he showed Mrs. Brown and Leah where he had rudely sketched an outline of his face, that, by a certain light, was magnified and reflected in the glass over the door.

Then he hastily drew a face like Leah's beside it, with flowing hair, and Mrs. Brown's plump, matronly features; he turned the jet nearly off again, and the three faces looked dimly down.

So, in the "haunted" room, two hearts were forever reunited, and the restless ghost ceased his troublous visitations.

CHAPTER XL

THE SCOUT'S REVENGE.

The Hurons spread themselves over the field, once more taking up their positions previous to the charge. Kenewa, with a gravity and sternness which effectually concealed the burning fury which devoured him at the delay, when every moment he expected the dark signal to rise in the air, motioned his braves to follow.

A rush was made in silence.

Incredible as it appeared, there burst from the Shawnees a cry of disappointment and despair, and though their great chief, Theanderigo, tried to encourage them, they presently burst from cover, spread themselves abroad, and fled.

The Hurons, triumphant and rejoicing, pressed on, when a young scout presented himself before Kenewa.

"Ugh!"

Carcajou, the Wild Hog, and the big-knife Bandits have fled to the village."

"On!" said the chief, whose two eyes shone like carbuncles in the dark. "On!"

He knew what this meant, and knew that if they did not now press forward the prize for which they fought would soon be lost to him forever.

Theanderigo, however, was a warrior of renown, and soon induced his men to stand, especially when a messenger from Carcajou announced that he and Moses Horne had only retreated toward the tent with a yell torn from him by the mortal agony he endured. But Steve was after him, and next moment Carcajou, the Wild Hog, fell headlong forward into the flames, brained by the hand of the scout, whose mother was avenged.

"Tis the Bandits," cried Roland, who had

warning to the conflict, resolved to win or die, placed his diminished force where it might first hold the enemy in check, and then enable him to retreat in a chosen direction to rejoin his allies, alongside of whom he wished, for many reasons, to be.

The whole body of the Shawnees were now posted on a small piece of level ground, with trees on all parts, while in their rear the land sloped toward the village.

The direct road to the wigwams lay through a narrow, dark, and wooded vale, over which hung some of the leafy monarchs of the wood, creating gloom even in the heart of day.

Theanderigo spoke in a low, clear tone to his followers, giving them minute directions, which, if followed, would save many a life and promote victory.

The decimated and much-thinned group of warriors listened to his words of wisdom in sullen silence, resolved, however, to do his bidding, and redeem, if possible, the fortunes of the day.

Their eyes were fixed upon the advancing foe, while every man nervously clutched his rifle.

Theanderigo stood under a huge oak, on the brow of the hill, addressing his men.

At that moment, when the Shawnees were about to respond to the words of their chief by a fearful whoop, there came up the slope a sound as of a deadly volley, then the unmistakable shout of white men, followed by a dropping and irregular fire of Shawnee rifles.

Like an echo came the cry of the Hurons; and the Shawnees, without waiting for them, rushed, with their chief, to the scene of this new disaster, whatever it might be.

Kenewa had now no excuse for delay, and with a wild, long whoop dashed after the flying Shawnees, followed by the whole of his men.

Ere, however, he could sight a single dusky body, they were lost to view, so that his men advanced without the discharge of a single rifle.

A fearful combat raged in the valley below. The shouts of the gallant Backwood Avengers, the loud crack of the Western rifle, came like fiery incentives to action to their eager souls.

The brave pale-faces, who cheered lustily now that they fought with something of discipline and according to their own fancies, were evidently hemmed in by the whole force of the Shawnees, who, eager to dispatch them ere their friends came up, would strive in every way for victory.

Kenewa was right.

Roland, though he had posted his men in a thicket so dense as to be a perfect fort, knowing well that force could not dislodge him so long as the narrow gaps he had cut could be commanded by one man, was too well acquainted with Indian deviltries and tricks not to be aware that some fiendish plan would soon be discovered to drive them to the open country, the more that his rifles were telling on the Indians with deadly precision.

Carcajou and the Hornes had fallen into his ambush and been severely punished, the Bandits of the Scioto being all wounded.

Their rage was about on a par with their physical and mental sufferings.

In the hour of expected victory they were almost certain of defeat, while the prize for which they had, not periled, but thrown away, their souls, was escaping from their grasp, like the miser's treasure, which, on his death-bed, he would fain carry with him where neither gold nor silver nor rank is of any avail.

They now fought desperately and would have resorted to some fearful expedient to deliver themselves from the Backwood Avengers, had not Theanderigo given the signal for retreat just as Kenewa and his followers, flushed with victory, came bounding up.

The Shawnees now retreated toward the secure posts assigned to them, like lions at bay, slowly and sullenly, to make the last stand for their homes and household fires.

There was not one of the Shawnees but felt that the contest which now was about to commence was one for death, or victory. There was no middle course. They fought in sight of their altars, their household gods, and their wives and little ones. None but the veriest cur that ever disgraced the name of man but would have fought under these circumstances.

Theanderigo, the Black Hawk of the Shawnees, had foreseen the possibility of a retreat to the skirts of the village, and had prepared accordingly. Barriades of heavy trees, felled in selected situations, afforded a retreat to his men.

A fight in the village would only be the fight of despair and desperation.

To this he hoped and trusted they had not yet come, though things did look ugly.

Silently and sullenly the warriors took up their posts: behind the intrenchments, in the huge arching boughs, underneath, anywhere whence a deadly shot could be fired.

Roland and Kenewa, the Rattlesnake, were now equally anxious, and yet, at the same time, equally chump.

Every Shawnee killed or disabled here was so much gained.

The Indians now divided into two parties, led by subordinate chiefs, while Kenewa and one or two young braves, the sons of renowned warriors, who, with the Rattlesnake, formed a secret band of brotherhood, advanced in the center with Roland. His impatience of manner was such that he feared to expose himself to the keen eyes of any of his elders.

At the same time the command of the two wings was considered as a compliment.

The barriades of the village were erected at the head of a slope, up which the Hurons had to fight their way, which they still did, in their natural manner, seeking to cover and watching their opportunity, and then advancing, after firing at the first Shawnee's limb that was carelessly left exposed.

Every instant either rung the knell of a brave or sent him, limping and bleeding, to the rear.

The ground was wet with blood. There was no one among the combatants on either side but felt the sting.

It was night, but still the evening was clear, and no obstacle was placed in the way of men whose eyes were keen, whose aim was good, and who needed but the motion of a bough to indicate the presence of an enemy.

For twenty minutes the contest continued, nothing being heard but the crack of rifles, the cries of the wounded, the groans of the dying, and the savage yells of the defiant combatants.

Then Roland and Kenewa saw that several of the warriors on the other side were moving away, until they could detect on the clearing a long line of swarthy figures.

"Tis the Bandits," cried Roland, who had

"Ugh!"

"And there's that scoundrel, Carcajou, the Wild Hog."

The Rattlesnake groaned, and putting his fingers to his lips, tapping them quickly, he gave such a yell as never woke the echoes of the Catawba hills before.

Then the whole line cheered, firing at the retreating foe, and loading as they advanced.

The barriades were carried.

With the bound of panthers, the Shawnees now rushed to seek the shelter of their village, from behind the stockade of which they were resolved to make a last and desperate defense.

Now, on the side of the river, there was not much more cover than was afforded by some rocks and bushes; but, on the forest side, there was a thicket of live-oaks.

As the defeated bands of Theanderigo, Carcajou, and Moses Horne hurried across this open space, a hundred feet in advance of the pursuers, they were observed to divide, and ere many minutes had elapsed the whole of the party were concealed, while a deadly fire was poured on the advancing foe.

Despite the efforts of Kenewa and Roland the victorious Hurons halted, and with true Indian fickleness (a breath will move them) cast themselves on the ground, behind stumps, stones, or any cover whence they could take aim.

The Backwood Avengers, under the penalty of death if they left them, were compelled to follow their example, whence ensued some fearful misfortunes, which otherwise would have been avoided.

The combat was now renewed on more equal ground; the Shawnees being in their last stronghold, which they were resolved to defend to the death.

In front of the wigwams were the low fires of the watchers, now mere heaps of glowing embers.

Not a soul was visible from them.

Roland and Kenewa, with an anxiety which was anguish, looked for the signal they had so long expected.

It came at last.

Some one suddenly stood behind one of the slumbering fires, and cast on a huge pile of dried grass and maize-husks, which at once made a furious flame, illumining the center of the village, and lighting up the wigwam especially of Theanderigo, the chief—the same in which Matata had been confined.

With a chivalry, under the circumstances almost incredible in an Indian chief, Theanderigo had, when his associates, the White River Shawnees and the long-knives, cast themselves into the village, selected the southern wing, the skirt of the forest, for defense.

He saw not then what followed, or, seeing, could not then interfere.

As the first flash of the flames seized upon the huge bed of straw and whirled up in the gust in a tremendous volume, a man might have been seen making for the tent supposed to contain the future bride of the chief.

It was Carcajou.

He was covered with blood, his eyes glared horribly, his whole face was so unnatural and revolting from baffled malice and fear of defeat, that he might easily have been taken for the foul fiend himself as he passed like a shadow before the fire.

Then he lifted the blanket and entered the tent.

A moment's silence prevailed.

Then came a howl, a shriek, such as appalled every man in the place, and caused each combatant to stand still with awe and cease the fearful combat.

Something awful was taking place within that tent.

Cries, curses, shrieks, yells of the most fearful and forbidding character arose, making the night truly hideous.

Then out into the light came a dark and bloody figure, staggering about like a scorched reptile.

As it stood in the blaze of the fire, all could see that it was the form of a warrior, the lower part of his face shot away, his eyes rolling hideously, and, as it seemed, slightly, in the pangs of death.

He was scalped.

Next instant, a figure quite as fearful, painted very much the same, also severely wounded, came forth from the wigwam, and with a knife renewed the contest, which had been commenced with a pistol.

The first man was Carcajou.

The second was Steve, who had waited in the empty wigwam until the hour when he expected the Wild Hog would come to steal away the prize which belonged, by the rights of war, to Theanderigo, the Black Hawk of the Shawnees.

The moment Carcajou bounded into the tent he found himself face to face with Steve the scout, who stood in the dim light awaiting him.

"I got thee at last, ye dot-dotted heathen thief!" said the scout, savagely.

And then, for fear that he should escape, he fired a pistol, which took effect upon the lower part of the face.

Then began one of those horrible personal struggles which are unknown to civilized warfare, and which one must go to savages or sepoys to realize.

Steve was animated by the most bitter and intolerable feelings of revenge. Ever since the death of his mother, and the somewhat rash vow he had made, his had been a wandering life. Seven long years he had nursed his wrath, which now was warm in deed, and every pang which he had suffered sharpened the knife which was to wipe out this stain from his existence.

Carcajou, who, from having in former times been friendly with Steve, knew his voice, was well aware that now nothing but the death of his adversary would save him from scalping. He, therefore, wasted no time on words, but clutched his antagonist in the dying grip.

He shrieked and howled and gave the war-cry, partly from habit, partly to terrify his assailant, but also with the hope of bringing his men to the rescue. Though his red-skin pride forbade his calling on them, yet he could not but hope that they might be induced to remember their chief was in danger.

Steve understood him well, and fought all the more desperately; so that at last he had him down, and with his knee upon his chest, with a fearful and almost maniac glare, he scalped him ere giving the final blow.

Carcajou, in his agony, threw off his conqueror, and rushed from the tent with a yell torn from him by the mortal agony he endured. But Steve was after him, and next moment Carcajou, the Wild Hog, fell headlong forward into the flames, brained by the hand of the scout, whose mother was avenged.

"Tis the Bandits," cried Roland, who had

Steve gave a cry, something between a shriek of exultation and a maniac laugh, after which he withdrew to the tent, which in a moment more was in one fearful blaze.

The combat on all hands was renewed, the Backwood Avengers and the Hurons at once realizing the fearful peril in which their white companion was placed by the discovery of his presence in the camp.

CHAPTER XLI

THE END OF BLOOD.

It would be almost vain to picture to ourselves, much less to convey on paper, our impression of what the poor girls suffered during the many phases of this heroic combat.

Ever since they had been joined by Steve they were aware that their fate must soon be decided. The Indian maidens bore themselves with that philosophical indifference of manner which is, of course, much more assumed than real, but which, at all events, enables them to appear patient.

Ettie and Martha had, however, no such tuition to fall back on. They looked on the Shawnees with a horror and wholesome dread, which was natural and reasonable.

Ella was, we have said, ill. There was fever on her brow, and fever, to a certain extent, accompanied by madness. The utter prostration of intellect which had at first followed the sight of her mother's corpse, and the brutal threats of the Bandits, was succeeded by a mania of another kind.

She talked repeatedly of the past, and wanted the society of her father and mother. Ettie could only reply by her tears.

Then, under the advice of Steve the scout, Matata procured febrifuges and applied them; then added narcotics, which sent her to sleep, so that she slept soundly.

Several times during the day she awoke, and, looking listlessly around, took her drink, and again slept. She was heavy, drowsy, and ill.

By evening, however, the febrifuges had done their work. She was cool, calm, but very weak.

Then came the sudden volleys of musketry.

Ella leaped to her feet. The whole scene of her first shock seemed before her.

"Child," she said, clutching Ettie, "where have you been?—have the Robbers hurt you?—have you dared to live with them and come back? For shame!"

Ella, darling, I am very well, and only sorrowful for you; and so your poor father—"

"Yes," said Ella, slowly, as she put her hand to her head, "I know something has happened—what, I do not know. Where is father—where is mother?"

"Father is fighting with the brave men who would rescue us from the Indians," replied Ettie.

"And mother?" persisted Ella.

"Mother is away. She knows nothing of what is passing now," sighed poor Ettie.

"Hush!—yes. Mother is a prisoner with the bad white men. I begin to remember—"

"Mother is dead, Ella."

"Dead! Who, then, is a prisoner with the Robbers?"

"We all are, sister love."

"Did I dream, or in the hour of tribulation when the demons were loosened on us, did I see Roland Edwards, my affianced husband? Speak, child."

"Where is he?"

"Fighting. Hark you! Do you not hear the shouts—the announcement of our death or salvation?"

Ella made no reply, but covering down upon the ground relapsed into deep thought, while Ettie stood in a dark corner, listening to the fearful din of the combat, which at last, when night fell, became terrible in its proximity.

Then came the horrible episode of the hand-to-hand combat between Steve and Carcajou, the Wild Hog.

For a few minutes there was stillness in the air after that was over, and then not only could they distinguish the several rifles as they were fired, but the bullets came pattering like hail about them.

Ella listened with fixed attention; any one could have seen that memory and sense were coming back. The utter calmness of body produced by the herbs was producing mental quiet, however short would be its duration.

The shots seemed scarcely to affect her.

Nearly the whole time her eyes were fixed upon Ettie.

"My sisters should be ready," said Matata, suddenly. "Our braves are near at hand; the fight is in its dying throes."

"Ready to do what?"

"Defend our lives," replied the Prairie Rose. "When rum is in the brain of a warrior he no longer sees girl, squaw, or boy—only see scalp—scalp good!"

"Where shall we hide?"

"No hide—fight!" said Matata, producing a pistol and some long scalping-knives, which she had collected during their imprisonment, with the foresight and caution of her race.

Bad man come—kill—worse," cried the Prairie Rose, with flashing eyes.

"I could not use it."

"Give it to me," said Ella, in a hollow voice; "I know how to use it. Death before dishonor!"

All were still. The way in which Ella spoke was perfectly sepulchral in its intensity.

And before any could prevent her, she had taken the knife and concealed it in the folds of her dress.

Matata made no remark, but went to the entrance of the wigwam and peered out.

The fire lit by Steve burned low, and nothing illumined the terrible combat but the soft placid twinkling of the stars.

On both sides weariness had ensued, and men whose iron frames scarce noticed ordinary fatigue, yielded to the fearful excitement of so protracted a contest.

Those who had posted themselves behind stones, or stumps, or in hollows, were soon stiff from their wounds and hardly able to crawl.

And the night passed slowly away.

And the moon, diminished to a ghastly crescent, rose over the woods, looking down with a sickly smile upon the combatants.

A pale streak, the first dull glimmer of dawn, threw light upon the open glade.

Near at hand, no moon or streak of dawn threw light upon the glade, which was in the shadow of the mountain.

The watch-fires had all burned low, and not a single flame illumined with its lurid light the terrible scene.

But, beyond, to the right, to the left, in

front, from every stone, from every tree, from every tent and wigwam, came the firing of the rifle.

Both parties were, however, at rest, preparing for one last struggle.

Matata stepped out into the night, and keeping close to the wigwam, peered about.

To the left was the river, and there she clearly saw the ever-watchful Shawnees, rifle in hand, glaring at the foe.

To the right, were the men under Theanderigo, stripped to the breech-cloth, in readiness for the last death-grasp.

She could see him sitting on a rock, with his rifle, his knife, and his tomahawk near him, wrapped in deep thought. Not ten yards away were the Bandits of the Scioto, with a couple of logs in front of them.

Where was Steve?

That he could have left the lodge Matata was aware; that he had been victorious his cry had announced to her.

Ah!

What is that?

in an instant disarmed and secured the women.

Moses Horne, with a horrid grin, clutched Ettie; the others fell to the share of the three brothers.

Ella was unnoticed.

"Now, my birds, no whining, no crying, or you'll have to be stunned," said Moses, lifting his hand, clenched, and holding it in the face of Ettie.

Ettie looked wildly round. The face of the Bandit appalled her, while the sight of the other three ruffians seemed to indicate that escape was hopeless.

"Have mercy!" she cried.

"Silence!" he responded, with a frightful imprecation, "silence, or it will be worse for you. Now, boys—no time to waste."

"None, wretch—die!" said a low voice close to him, and a bright flash was seen to pass through the air.

Then a knife quivered in the arm of the ruffian, unfortunately only inflicting a flesh wound.

"Curse the she-devil!" he roared.

Then, taking the knife from the wound, he raised it on high, and before any one could interfere had plunged it into the breast of the unfortunate girl, who fell back lifeless on the couch, the blood spurting from the wound.

A wild shriek of agony burst from Ettie's lips, and she cast herself wildly on the elder sister's body.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! 'Tarnal death!" shouted the well-known voice of Tom Smith, as, followed by all the Backwood Avengers, he burst into the wigwam, and after a short struggle secured the whole of the Bandits, who were then dragged out into the open air.

Roland and the judge stood awe-struck.

"What, both my little ones!" said the latter, starting with horror at the sight of Ettie.

"No," whispered Matata, "only Ella—big-knife stab her—Ettie faint."

Roland, with moist eye and quivering lip, raised Ettie in his arms, while the judge took Ella's hand.

"Don't move the darling—don't wake her," said the elder sister, faintly; "let her be. 'Tis better as it is."

"But your wound, my angel," cried the agonized father.

"Matata may look at it!"

The men rose and withdrew a moment, while the Indian girl, assisted by Martha, uncovered the sufferer's bosom, and examined the wound.

They at once staunch it—but in silence.

"Well," said Ella, with a smile, "am I not right? Am I not on my way to join my mother?"

"My sister will be in the happy hunting-grounds of her people ere many minutes," said the Prairie Rose, with a deep sigh.

"It is well. There is but one heaven, Matata; we shall get there in time, if we are good. But, now, I would speak with my father."

The judge, moving more like an automaton than a human being, tottered to her side; Ettie knelt, suffocated with tears.

The captain stood erect, with a pale and horror-stricken countenance.

"Grieve not, my father, for Ella is not fit for earth. Something here, touching her head, 'tis wrong. But, though I am weak in sense, I am strong in love. Father, weep not, I am going to mother. 'Tis sweet to die thus, with all my friends around me."

"My child! My child! Oh, my fortune for a doctor!" cried the agonized father.

"Not all the millions of the earth can check the ebb and flow of that which God gives when He wills, and takes when He pleases. I want no doctor, but your prayers, Roland!"

"Ella," said the judge.

"You love this child?"

"Sister—"

"I have only a few minutes," urged Ella, gently. "I would die happy—you love this child, Roland?"

"I do, Ella."

"No more! As you may never live to see child of yours perish thus—by murder—be kind to her, to him—"

Roland could not speak, but he took the beautiful girl's hand and kissed it tenderly.

Ella joined their two hands.

"Now, pray for me, all!"

Then there was silence in the tent. All those who professed the pure belief of the God made man for our salvation, knelt; the father, the lover, the sister, the brothers, the rough scout, and the others, all moved to deep emotion at the sight of one they all so much loved passing away thus early.

None could trust themselves.

The Rattlesnake, Matata, and her sister, stood aloof, with grave and sorrowful countenances.

The face of the dying girl was beyond all power of description beautiful. It was calm, resigned, and perfectly the countenance of one prepared to die.

Suddenly she opened her eyes.

"I have prayed," she said. "Now, Ettie, sing to me."

Choked with grief, yet did the young and devoted enthusiast of religion force herself to raise her voice in one of those songs of heavenly origin which she had been so strong a source of consolation to the true Christian.

A gleam of joy unutterable passed, like a meteor flash, through the eyes of the dying girl.

"Thanks! And now may God, in his infinite mercy, bless you! Leave me. Father will sing me now the songs of old—the songs he sung to me when a babe. I will die, as I came into the world, in his arms. Sing to me, father," she whispered. "Hush!"

The father passed his once strong arm round her, cradling the form of his first-born, in such agony as no man could write of, or, if he could, nothing of woman born could read.

Pride, avarice, lust of power, greed—all the evil passions which spoil and stain this world of beauty and brightness—stop here; and no man, however bad, except such as, from degrading associations and habits, have ceased to lay claim to the honored name, can see the darling hope of his early years fade away like a summer cloud, without a pang the most acute which Nature can inflict.

Ella spoke no more connectedly. She whispered words which fell only on his ears who had most right to listen, and who treasured those fond, childish expressions more than all the jewels in his store, more than all that heaven or earth could give him.

The Angel of Death fluttered once in the rude wigwam of the stranger Indian, and Judge Mason had but one day to enter.

Ella, in the pride of her beauty, had passed away to a world where evil passions are unknown, and eternal happiness awaits the blessed and the just.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CONCLUSION.

An hour later the Indian village presented a spectacle as unusual as it was unexpected.

The sounds of battle had long ceased on every hand, the bodies of friends and enemies had been removed out of sight for burial, while every thing that ingenuity and humanity could devise had been done for the wounded living.

The whole of the Hurons had removed from the village to where a number of tall trees gave a pleasant shelter; and while the women of the Shawnees, their prisoners, prepared food and refreshment, the warriors assembled to do justice.

Theanderoigo and the remnant of his tribe stood sullenly apart, unarmed, but not unobservant of what was passing.

When the women of the tribe, with their children and the youths, were captured, Roland, who assumed the supreme command (the more readily that the Hurons understood he was willing to compensate them for their arduous journey and severe losses), at once sent a messenger to Theanderoigo, promising safety, life, and liberty to all who came in and surrendered.

Their wives, children, sons, and village, would be restored to them, on condition that during the remaining stay of the Hurons they piled their arms and acted as spectators.

After such severe losses, and with such hostages, the Shawnees gladly acquiesced, came in, piled their arms, and, on the faith of the white man, remained prisoners in the hands of their most inveterate foes.

But Theanderoigo knew whom he had to deal with when he surrendered to Roland Edwards and the Rattlesnake.

Under the tall oaks were collected all the men capable of bearing arms. In the center were Roland, Rattlesnake, and the whole of the Avengers.

Not a word was spoken.

Somewhat or something was expected.

Then came a low murmur, and the ranks opened to reveal the old man, the judge, who, but a month before, was a proud father, a happy husband, a rich and well-to-do planter, bowed to the ground, tottering, supported by a stick and his two sons, to the front of those who sat as judges.

Behind was a tier, supported by six of the youngest Huron warriors, a panther-skin being cast over all but the face of the victim of foul murder and lust.

Behind came the mourning women, who would not leave her while one glimpse of her body was to be seen.

High overhead, in the black and murky atmosphere—for the fires smoldered still—were hundreds of ravens, craving for their fair pasture, their dessert after the banquet.

The hier, at a sign from Roland, was placed upon the ground.

Then he advanced, and bade the women retire awhile.

They did so.

Then into the awful presence of their victim were led the four Bandits of the Scioto.

These men, usually so insolent, whilom so ferocious, an hour since so murderous, were cowed abject in their dread of the consequences of crime. They had not even the insolent heroism of their lawless profession.

They looked around with a wan and anxious glance for sympathy, for pity.

They met nothing but stern, cold looks, and glances that scarce concealed the execration with which they were regarded.

"My friends," said Roland, in a cold, earnest voice, "I will not harrow this old man's feelings by recapitulating the deeds of these men. You all know them as thieves, murderers, assassins, the violators of every law, divine and human. I, therefore, simply ask all of you who think, white man or red-skin, that they are guilty of the crimes of which I accuse them, to say 'Yes,' the others, 'No!'"

"Yes!" burst from every throat, savage and civilized.

"Judge, they are found guilty," said Roland, respectfully. "What shall be done unto them?"

"Let them die like dogs. But be quick—my child waits for me—she can not leave while earth is cumbered by such wretches."

"Mercy!" gasped the whole four.

Judge Mason his face as white as marble, his figure momentarily erect, turned toward them.

"Mercy!" he said, with a sternness foreign to his usual nature; "Mercy! I have none for my little one. There she lies; her soul is with her sainted mother. If there be mercy for you on earth, let her ask for it for you; if not, die."

And he seated himself on the ground, at the head of the corpse, and, never until spoken to, raised his aged head. His eyes, soon blinded with tears again, were fixed upon her face.

Meanwhile an awful scene had been enacted.

Four trees had been selected, and to these the four ruffians were led, and, with a shrieking, yelling, uttering the most awful and frightful execrations in one breath, and then begging and praying for their guilty, forfeited lives.

The wretches were held by Indians, their legs being confined, to prevent the fearful kicks with which, otherwise, they would have assailed their captors.

The executioners were Steve, Tom Smith, and the two laborers, who entered upon their task with a heartiness which indicated not so much their detestation of the individuals as their abhorrence of the foul crime they had committed.

They clambered up the trees with four stout lasses, which they fastened firmly.

Then they descended and rolled to the spot some big stones, upon which the Bandits were placed.

They no longer struggled. They were almost insensible. Their eyes glared around with a vacant horror impossible to describe.

"Boys," said Steve, taking off his cap, "you know you've brought this upon yourselves; so don't blame nobody. If you know such a thing, say a prayer."

The wretched beings looked at their elder brother with such a humble, bewildered glance, such an awe-struck countenance, as made even the Indians grave.

"Tarnal death!" suddenly said Moses Horne, rousing himself, as if a new thought had come into his head; "now that's quite fun enough, Mr. Steve. You've had your game; now just unde it."

"When the captain lifts his hand—and he's high to do so—off yer goes," was the cool reply.

"Mercy! Let us live. Take our arms

away—drive us into the woods to herd with the beasts—we will never show our faces again. We will live on roots—we will repent."

"Too late!" cried Steve, and, at a sign, the stones were rolled away, sending the wretches swinging into the air with a cry for that life which is dear unto the most mean and wretched.

The bodies swung round and round for a minute or two, and then slowly subsided.

Then four rifles were aimed at them and discharged, the bodies quivering all over.

Immediately they were cut down and cast upon a huge pile of brush, fagots, and wood, which had been hastily collected.

Fire was set to the pile, and, ere ten minutes, clouds of thick murky smoke proclaimed that the Bandits of the Scioto had met their earthly doom, and passed away where none can say what merciful visit might be taken of their manifold transgressions.

Then the whites and Indians collected round the grave which had been opened for the mortal remains of Ella.

Even the Shawnee girls came crowding round the white women to witness the funeral of the poor demented pale-face, whose beautiful countenance had won her many a friend, even in the village of the Black Hawk.

The young men touched their father on the shoulder, and the old man, more wan, more aged, more broken-hearted every minute, rose to his feet, aided by his sons, now so overwhelmed with hidden anguish as scarcely to be able to stand.

"Put her down gently," he murmured, "and strew flowers on her grave. She loved sweet-scented herbs and fragrant plants, and at that God made beautiful and pure. Ah, 'tis there."

And he cast his eyes into the narrow pit, where all life ends, where even hate can not pursue us.

"'Tis a narrow home, Roland, but 'tis enough. Now listen to me. This grief is killing me. I can not wish not to survive it. Take her." And he embraced Ettie wildly. "My sons, I give him to her. Deal justly by him. Ye are brave, good boys, but Roland should be to you always as an elder brother. Obey him, be guided by him. He is wise and good. My little darling, bless you the blessings of an old and dying man on you and yours, whom I could have wished to see, had she—had your mother been spared me."

He waved his hand, for speak he could not.

They lowered her gently into her dark and final abode, with a roof of boards above her head.

"Stop!" said Judge Mason, in a loud voice, as they prepared, with rude Indian shovels, to cover up the remains.

He moved faintly round.

"Farewell!" he said, and, leaping headlong into the grave, he cried, "I come, I come!"

When they raised him up he was dead.

The father and the child were buried in the same grave. They had loved one another in life; they were not separated in death. A circle of young pines marked the spot for many a day, and for many a day this green and grassy mound was the sacred spot to which most of the white persons mentioned in our narrative came every year.

It was a mournful procession which returned to the settlement. But Time, the avenger, fulfilled his task; and the day came when Roland and Ettie were happy, and could talk to their children of their brave old grandfather, and their beautiful aunt who died young, as the poet declares all who win the gods love.

Roland, by means of his wealth, soon brought a goodly settlement about the old homestead, where Tom Smith and Martha resided also, well-to-do and happy farmers.

Steve found the fond and faithful heart he loved true to him, and married her. He, too, settled near Roland; so that, what with his estates and those of his brothers-in-law, and the habitations of the Lumber, Mason, and the others, a thriving locality, and soon lost every trace of its connection with the Dark and Bloody Ground of early days.

THE END.

Sporting Scenes.

II.

HUNTING THE AMERICAN BLACK BEAR.

The Indians consider the Black Bear as the most valuable of wild animals, and the chase of it as their noblest field-sport, its death being always followed by expressions of the greatest exultation. It is, indeed, highly useful to them; and, like the ox and the sheep, there is no part of it which is not applied to some useful purpose. The flesh is highly esteemed, and the paws are reckoned the richest *bonne bouche* that the wild forests of America afford. The skin furnishes their softest couch, and their most substantial protection against the severities of winter. Even the claws have their value: they are bored and strung upon the tendons of deer, to be worn as necklaces and other ornaments.

The Black Bear is found throughout North America, from the shores of the Arctic Sea to its southern extremity. That they must have existed in great numbers throughout this extent of country, before its settlement by Europeans, may be easily believed, from the immense quantity of skins which can even now be procured of this animal. About thirty-six years ago, one hundred and ninety-two thousand, four hundred and ninety-seven bear-skins were exported from Quebec; in the year 1823, the Hudson's Bay Company exported three thousand skins of the Black Bear.

On the wooded portions of the Rocky Mountains, Captains Clark and Lewis saw black bears, and subsequently found them on the great plains of the Columbia, and in the tract of country lying between these plains and the Pacific Ocean. Occasionally they are found throughout the territories of the United States, in the wooded and mountainous regions, and in unsettled districts. Their skins are of great use to the inhabitants as a substitute for manufactured woollens, such as blankets, etc.

Under ordinary circumstances the Black Bear is not remarkable for its ferocity, nor is it in the habit of attacking men without being provoked. When wounded, he turns on his enemy with prodigious energy and defends himself daringly. During the coupling season, this disposition is more fully shown, as the males are then more excited, and are consequently less lazy and clumsy than in the autumn. If this bear is taken

when young, it is easily domesticated, and taught many tricks. He is frequently to be seen exhibited by showmen as a "learned" bear.

In the northern part of the American continent, the subterranean retreats of the Black Bear may be easily discovered by the mist which uniformly hangs about the entrance of the den, as the animal's heat and breathing prevent the mouth of the cave from being entirely closed, however deep the snow may be. As the Black Bear usually retires to his winter quarters before any quantity of snow has fallen, and does not again venture abroad till the end of March or the beginning of April, he therefore spends at least four months in a state of torpidity, and without obtaining food.

Thus it is not very surprising, though the bear goes into his retirement excessively fat, that he should come forth in the spring a melancholy picture of emaciation.

The Black Bear is sometimes destroyed by blocking up the mouth of the cave with logs of wood, and then suddenly breaking open the top of it, they kill the animal with a spear or gun; this method is, however, considered both cowardly and wanton, as the bear can neither escape nor offer the slightest injury to his merciless destroyers.

The northern Indians display great ingenuity in the manner in which they throw the noose around the neck of this animal; but the barbarous way in which they dispatch him with the hatchet or tomahawk, after having drawn him to the top of his hole, has little in it to admire.

Sometimes he is caught in traps—strong steel ones—chained to a tree and laid in a path which has been partially stained with blood by drawing a newly-slain carcass along it. At other times a noose, suspended from a strong bough, is substituted for the trap, in a path similarly prepared.

The bear, whose sense of smell is exceedingly keen, follows upon the track along which a dead animal has been drawn, even although it has left no trace perceptible by the human senses.

The common mode of hunting this bear is by two or three well-trained dogs. When he finds that he is pursued, he generally pushes forward for eight or ten miles, and sometimes more, in nearly a straight course.

But when the dogs come up to him, he turns and strikes at them with his paws, the blows of which are so severe that, one of them taking effect, would instantly fell the strongest dog to the ground. The great art in training the dogs consists in teaching them to avoid these blows, and to keep harassing the animal till he is exhausted. When that is the case, he climbs a tree to the height of twenty or thirty feet, at the root of which the dogs remain and "give tongue" till the hunter makes his appearance.

When the hunter comes, the bear drops to the ground—not for the purpose of attacking him, but of making a new effort at escape from the now increased number of his pursuers. But, as he is heated by the labor of climbing and by the fall—though bears, from their form and also the nature of their covering, fall with much less injury than any other animal of the same weight—he is far more annoyed by the dogs than before.

This makes him take to a tree again for refuge, he then climbs as high as it will bear him, and endeavors to conceal himself among the thick foliage. The hunter now strikes against the trunk of the tree as he were telling it, which soon puts the bear in motion. He makes his way to the extremity of a long and lofty branch, at which he draws himself partially into the form of a ball, and drops down—often from such a height that he rebounds again for several feet, as if he were an elastic substance. He rises again from this fall, still uninjured, and seeks safety by flight as before. His exertions are, however, so much greater than those of his pursuers that, whatever may be his strength, they in time wear him out, and he is ultimately shot, either when standing up to give battle to the dogs, or when attempting to hide himself behind the trunk of a tree. Such is the mode of bear-hunting where there are trees; but in the large, open prairies he runs much further, and the hunt is one of greater ardor, unless when he is shot at an early stage, but, if the marksman is not skillful, shooting is rather a dangerous matter while the bear is unexhausted, as the pain arouses all his strength, and arms him with the most desperate powers of revenge, so that he would be too much both for dogs and hunter.

Treeling a bear in a canoe is a less fatiguing operation; but it is not an easy mode of capture.

In the vicinity of Hudson's Bay, the Black Bear has been observed in the month of June to feed entirely on water insects, when the berries are not ripe. These insects, of different species, are found in immense quantities in some of the lakes, where they are driven by gales of wind in the bay, and, being pressed together in vast multitudes, they die. The odor which arises from this vast mass of putrefaction is intolerable. In some places they lie two or three feet deep. The manner in which the bears catch these insects, is by swimming with their mouths open, and then they gather the insects on the surface of the water. When the stomach of the animal is opened at this season, it is found to be filled with them, and emits a disagreeable odor. The Indians, navigating the lakes in their light canoes, sometimes surprise a bear engaged in swimming after the insects. Then commences a highly interesting chase. The bear, finding himself assailed by the paddles of the Indians, makes for the shore, or for the nearest tree standing in the water. When fairly "treed," he is soon dispatched by the arrows or rifle-balls of his indefatigable enemies.

The Black Bear is very indiscriminate in its feeding, and, though suited by nature for the almost exclusive consumption of vegetable food, yet, when pressed by hunger, he scarcely refuses any thing. Not only grapes, berries, green corn and vegetables, but worms, slugs, turtles' eggs, small quadrupeds, and even carrion, form a part of his diet, as circumstances vary.

We close the paper by giving an account of an adventure which occurred to Frank Forrester. A large bear was traced to a cavern in the Round Mountain, and every effort made for three days without success to smoke or burn him out. At length a bold hunter, familiar with the spot, volunteered to beard the bear in his den. The well-aperture, which alone could be seen from without, descended for about eight feet, then turned off at right angles, running nearly horizontally for about six feet, beyond which it opened into a small circular chamber, where the bear had taken up his quarters. The man determined to descend, to worm himself, feet forward, on his back, and to shoot at the eyes of the bear, as they would be visible in the dark. Two narrow laths of pine wood were accordingly pro-

cured, and pierced with holes in which candles were placed and lighted. A rope was next made fast about his chest, a butcher's knife disposed in readiness for his grasp, and his musket loaded with two good ounce bullets, well wrapped in greased buckskin. Gradually he disappeared, thrusting the lights before him with his feet, and holding the musket ready cocked in his hand. A few anxious moments—a low, stifled growl was heard—then a loud, belching, crashing report, followed by a loud and fearful howl, half anguish, half furious rage. The men above wildly and eagerly hauled up the rope, and the sturdy hunter was whirled into the air uninjured, and remaining in his grasp his good weapon, while the fierce brute rushed tearing after him even to the mouth of the cavern. As soon as the man had entered the small chamber, he perceived the glaring eyeballs of the bear, had taken steady aim at them, and had, he believed, lodged his bullet fairly. Painful moanings were soon heard from within, and then all was still! Again the bold man determined to seek the monster; again he vanished, and his musket-shot reverberated through the recesses of the rock. Up he was whirled; but this time the bear, streaming with gore, and furious with pain, rushed after him, and with a mighty bound cleared the confines of the cavern! A hasty and harmless volley was fired, while the bear glared around as if undecided upon which of the group to wreak his vengeance. The hunter coolly raised his piece, but snap! no spark followed the blow of the hammer! Throwing down the musket with a curse, he drew his knife, and rushed forward to encounter the bear single-handed. What would have been the hunter's fate had the bear folded him in his deadly hug, we may be pretty sure; but, ere this could happen, the four bullets did their work, and he fell; a convulsive shudder passed through his frame, and all was still.

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CINDERELLA; OR, THE WOODEN SHOES.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Put an end to your fighting and quarrelling,
You dirty nosed girls and boys,
I've been trying to sleep for an hour,
But I can't on account of your noise;
Put an end to this general rumpus,
Which is always the end of your games;
Quit spitting in each other's faces,
And calling each other bad names.

Sit here for a part of a minute
Without pulling at each other's hair,
Or scratching each other's eyes so
In a way that makes me despair.
It was your father I'd speak you,
With a vim that could never be told:
Undoubt your fists for a minute
And I'll tell you a story of old.

There once was a girl, Cinderella,
Who lived in the realm of "Long since,"
(You have seen that she thrives in the book-sellers'
Windows in all sorts of prints.)
I have reason to think she was German,
And understood "Six cum arose,"
"Limberger case" and "zwei lager,"
"Blitzen" and "mox uix ouse."

She was greatly renowned for her beauty
By all the Dutch Harichs around,
Who thought her a fairy or a fairy,
And she weighed about two hundred pound.

Her pa was a man of much largeness,
And trafficked in pretzels and beer,
Sold garlic, bologna and onions,
And got tight on each day in the year.

Cinderella was cursed with a couple
Of sisters much older than she,
And the way they put on Paris fashions,
Was a terrible thing for to see.

They belonged to the purest *bon tons*—
Which means, that to think could they do,
Comb their heads or put in their own false teeth,
Or wash their own faces, or sew.

They danced, sung and played and played,
Ate lozenges, talked French and so forth,
Wrote some sentimental sonnets
In praise of their own sense and worth.

Worked harder at lazing scandal
Than over their hopes to be paid,
And they generally wasted their evenings
In the same way they wasted their days.

They made Cinderella sit cinders,
And it was from this came her name;
They made her beat at old hand-saws,
And also bear all of the blame.

While they danced, promenaded or flirted,
She stayed at home doing the chores,
They thought themselves very good looking,
But they missed it by several scores.

It chanced that the king gave a party,
And her sisters he happened to ask:
But home she stayed, singing of cinders,
And wept and sighed over her task.

When a fairy, who peddled over apples
And peanuts, by chance hobbled by,
Unto whom she related her sorrows,
With many a tear and a sigh.

The old woman sat down on her basket,
And said, "Twas a very bad go,
But hurry and bring me a pumpkin,
Of the largest breeds that here grow."

So she took a big knife, of the butcher
Persuasion, and cut it in two,
And out of it came a soap cart,
And a coachman quite stately to view.

Two mice did she turn into footmen,
To sit up and do nothing behind,
With a broomstick she struck Cinderella,
But the stroke she didn't much mind.

For her calico dress became satin,
And her oriole brostein changed blue,
And she found on her feet, which were barefooted,
A pair of superb wooden shoes.

So she told her to drive to the palace,
And take part in those noble Dutch reels,
And have a good time with the balance,
In the general kick up of heels.

She furthermore charged her remember
Not to drink too much lager beer,
Nor stay till the clock struck eleven,
For the penalty 'd be rather queer.

Off she went, and the dancers were startled
To see such a beautiful maid,
To see how she walked and schottisched,
Drank beer and weak lemonade.

The prince asked her hand for the next one,
And the young bloods stood off and looked on,
Her sisters, not knowing her, turned up
Their noses and wished she was gone.

So into the dance did they gallop,
And the wooden shoes rung on the floor,
And the band took a little more lager,
And blew with a thunderous roar.

And the wooden shoes pattered and clattered
Till you'd think that the house would come down,
And the guests dropped their pretzels and won-
dered.

And said, "Don't she do it up brown!"
Three times did she go to the palace,
For the season for balls was quite good,
Whence she came, where she went, who she

Were not very well understood,
And the wooden shoes pattered and clattered
Like fifty ship-cannibals at work,
For now they'd come up in a hurry,
And now they'd go down with a jerk.

But at the third ball she got rather
Too much taken up in the prince—
Perhaps took a little more lager,
Than she ought, by the course of events;
For she danced till the clock struck eleven,
Then down the great stairway she flew,
And her retinue was changed to a beggar's,
And she lost a nice wooden shoe.

She stole out of the gateway, and straightway
Saw horses and soap cart were gone,
So she ran to her home in her rage, and
Began there to weep and to moan.

But the prince found the shoe on the ball-floor,
For he stumbled clear over it, and
Found, too, its number was eleven,
And brooded somewhat on his hand.

So they hunted all over the country
To find out to what it would lead,
But all were a great deal too large, and
As they were concluding to quit,
They happened to meet Cinderella,
And her foot fitted it to a T.

And also she showed them the other,
Which was used for a trough for pigs three.

So straight she was wed by the prince, and
Pretzels and lager flowed free,
And her sisters they faint and screamed, and
Yelled, "Donder, how can sooth dinks be!"
And so the Dutch maid Cinderella
Lived happy and rich evermore,
Her sisters she learned to forgive, and
Set them up in a millinery store.

Two Hundred Thousand.

A STORY OF CITY LIFE.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

THE snowflakes were falling fast in the Empire City, when a tall man, with a goodly portion of his body enveloped in a water-proof cape, entered a forbidding doorway in Chatham street, and ascended a flight of rickety and worm-eaten steps.

If the reader could have seen him, he would have wondered what brought one so fashionably clad—the clothes of the man were of the finest, and, therefore, costliest texture to be had—to such an uncomely place. But the features, hidden by the rather ungainly collar of the cape, would not have impressed even a casual observer favorably.

Small and snaky eyes, nestling beneath long lashes, flashing with the devilish scintillations of the deadly Cobra's orbs; a face tanned by long exposure to a tropical sun, and a waxed and dyed mustache and goatee, a la Napoleon III.

At the head of the stairs the person we have essayed to describe found a door, upon which were scrawled in scabrous words:

"Phil. G. Morray, Attorney at Law."

"Ah! this is the place," he ejaculated, bestowing several raps upon the door with his clenched hand; and a voice from within bade him enter.

Instantly throwing wide the portal, the visitor entered a room as uncomfortable and cheerless as the hovels of Siberia. The walls, unpapered, were cracked and bare of ornaments, save an old print representing the impeachment of Lord Hastings; and a fire in a grate, at the further end of the apartment, gave forth no warmth.

The occupant of this parlor and kitchen combined, for such a strange anomaly the room seemed to proclaim, sat upon a broken chair at a rough table. He was an intellectual-looking man, in the prime of life, but, with poor clothes and unkempt hair and beard, presented an untidy appearance. Bits of briefs covered his feet, and his fingers clutched a quill as his visitor entered.

The lawyer, for such the untidy individual had been for many years, fixed his penetrating gaze upon the new-comer, and, in sharp, quick tones, bade him occupy the chair opposite him.

The stranger removed his hat, and dropped into the seat.

"Are you Mr. Phil. G. Morray?" he asked, staring at the attorney, as though he thought that one so ragged would be ashamed to present himself at the bar.

"I am," was the reply. "Are my services in demand, sir?"

"Yes; but had I not best shut the door?" 'Tis cold, and, besides, eavesdroppers may pry their hell-born occupation.

"Pity you didn't bring a thousand seal-skins, 'tis so frigid this morning," returned the Blackstonian. "The room, with the door open, is quite pleasant for me, and I will answer for the absence of eavesdroppers with this checkered life of mine. Now, sir, you may state your cause."

"I do not wish you to appear for me before the bench," said the stranger, Paul Herndon by name. "I simply desire you to do a bit of writing, for which service hear me, Mr. Morray, you shall walk Broadway a rich man."

Some sudden impulse raised Morray's hand from the table; but he dropped it as quickly, and, not noticing the involuntary movement, Herndon continued, in a lower tone, as he brought his sensual lips nearer the lawyer:

"Last week, my brother, a retired merchant of South street, quitted this ball terrestrial, leaving me the executor of his enviable estate, valued at the lowest calculation, two hundred thousand."

"Well," ejaculated the attorney, studying the features before him, while deeply interested in the communication.



"Two-thirds of this vast pile he left to a daughter—an only child—grown to womanhood: the remaining third he gives me, an only brother. The will is in my possession—not yet admitted to probate. I brought it with me hither. I hear that you are the best imitator of chirography in the city—that your copies are the counterparts of the originals."

"Enough to make you rich," I want that will changed—or copied, I should have said. And the copy, resembling my brother's chirography in every particular, must read 'two-thirds to me, one-third to her; for I must have gold, and, curse her! she threw bitter almonds in my wine once.'"

A flush of indignation mantled the lawyer's brow; but he calmly asked the price of the proposed crime.

"Ten thousand dollars," returned Morray. "Ten thousand dollars for altering the words of the dead!" he cried. "Ten thousand dollars for robbing the purest and fairest girl in the world! Paul Herndon, you're mad!" and the would-be briber shrunk from the gaze that followed the outstretched hand.

"You know me," he gasped.

"Know you!" echoed the lawyer. "Ask your heart if I know any thing good of you. I am the best copyist in the city, perhaps in the State; but my pen shrinks, as well it may, from the work you would have it do. Go to devils for that work, and tell them to write it with ink as black as your heart, culled from the nocturnal regions of Pandemonium. Leave my room, sir! The presence of a legion of honest men could not obliterate the stain you leave behind. Go!"

Paul Herndon mechanically obeyed; but, as he reached the steps, he uttered an oath of vengeance so horrible that a chill crept to the lawyer's heart.

"He will attempt it," muttered Morray; and to-morrow I must find other quarters. What I did think that I would become *peripatetic* *criminate* to the ruin of an angel, who raised me from the gutter and tried to make me a man!"

Paul Herndon did not intend at the partially pecuniary ruin of Effie, his niece, to stop. He would make her a beggar.

He had said that she threw bitter almonds in his wine once. She did; and God smiled upon the act. She warned a beautiful girl who loved Paul, not wisely but too well, that she stood upon the precipice of everlasting ruin, and she shrunk beyond his reach, and he grasped her no more. For this loving act he hated Effie—who was

upon the eve of marriage. She thought that he had forgotten the circumstance, which happened before he went to Australia; but, she knew not that Paul Herndon never forgot nor forgave.

The night following the day of his interview with the honest lawyer, a fire suddenly broke forth in a certain wooden building on Chatham street, and, almost before the then inefficient fire department got to work, nothing remained but a heap of coals.

The destroyed structure was the home of Phillip Morray!

When morning dawned the crowd found—what?—a heap of human bones! These charred remains were carried to the coroner, pronounced the bones of the ill-fated lawyer, a verdict of "death by fire, from a cause unknown to the jury," rendered, and they found a foot of ground in the Potter's Field.

Poor Morray!

Paul Herndon's vengeance was terrible. It cost him three thousand dollars. A man, however deeply steeped in crime, is not going to eject chloroform into another's room at the dead hour of night, stupefy him, apply the match to the building, and risk the hangman's noose for nothing.

Herndon found legal men to forge a will for ten thousand dollars, and when Effie was informed that the document, as probated, almost made her a beggar, at the instance of parties unknown to her uncle, she fled a notice of contest.

Paul laughed in his sleeve.

Phillip Morray was dead, and the departed speak not again on earth. The villain who committed the crime had also recently left this globe from one of the city hospitals—dying from a wound received at the hands of one of his own lawless class; and Paul was doubly safe.

He yearned for the contest, and at last it opened.

The case had excited a vast deal of interest, and the court was filled to repletion.

The villain, boastful of coming triumph, ear-wigged his attorneys in a jocosse manner; but his jocundity fled as one of his counsel ejaculated:

"My God! Look yonder."

Paul looked, and beheld, emerging from the witness-room, Phillip Morray.

At first he thought the sight an apparition; but the voice, and the accusing finger told him that it was flesh and blood.

"Paul Herndon, I come to baffle you."

The baffled villain rose and moved to-

ward the door; but a sheriff arrested his progress.

He guessed his doom—a prison cell—and his proud heart, leathening the spot, he placed a pistol to his temple before he could be prevented, and his soul flitted—whither? Effie was saved.

Morray's miraculous escape was soon explained.

Seeing Herndon in conversation with a noted murderer, whose diabolical mode of killing was to stupefy his victims and fire the buildings; he procured a skeleton at a medical institution, placed it in his couch, and absented himself from his room that night.

And when Effie wedded her lover the honest lawyer moved into the finest *suite* of rooms in the great metropolis, *fort* *all* *his* *money*.

Thus was TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND played for and lost.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

The Fight at San Jose Mission.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"PIZZED atters an' copper bullets ar' jess one an' ther same thing fur meanness, an' ther ain't nobody would use 'em 'cept my 'self skn er a yaller-belly. Them's my sentiments, an' durn me ef I ain't got good showin' ter say so!"

"Has your word never headed, Ike?" I inquired of the trapper, our old friend, Ike Bundy.

"Healed! why, ther cussed hole gits wuss'n wuss, an' unless ther chunk o' copper ar' got outer ther, it'll put Ike Bundy under ther ground in less'n half a year."

"We will have it out when we get to the fort, Ike," I said, encouragingly. "But, while we're halting here, suppose you tell me how you came to get it? I know it was in a fight with the Mexicans down at the old mission, but I never heard the particulars."

"Why, sartin, Ralph, sartin I'll tell you. It makes me bile ther think uv how durned sneakin' mean them yaller-bellies acted, but it makes me lart all over when I remember how most uv 'em left ther place."

"Yer know ther scrimmage took place while you war gone down to San Antonio on bizness fur ther cap'n, an' him, with half ther boys, war up toards ther Mimbre lookin' arter a party uv 'Paches as hed stole

a lot uv hosses an' cattle frum Robinson's ranch."

"Ther rest uv us war camped in the timber clost by ther ole San Jose Mission, an' war hev'in' jess a easy time uv it, never thinkin' ther thar war a innimy in fifty mile, an' tharfo, fur a wonder, yer know, we got kinder keeplees."

"T'wont never do, lad, to shet both eyes, I don't keer what yer ar', fur thar's deviltry all over, one place es well es another, on'y not quite so much uv it, mebbey."

"Well, we war, es I sed, layin' aroun' loose one night, ther moon et a full, an' every thing purty an' quiet like, when in comes ten uv ther fellers, ther mustangs fairly kivered w' sweat an' lather, a-shoutin' in' out fur us to make fur ther mission. They said as how they b'lieved ther whole Mexikin army war a-closin' onto us."

"Ther kems uv Ned Sandford's pluggin' ther greaser a day or two sence I sez I."

"You see, Ned had ketcht one uv them thevin' *leperos* nosin' 'bout mong ther hosses, an' he filled him chock-full uv turkey-shot. Ned had been out huntin' yer see. It war jess as I sed, too, as we found out arterward. Ther greaser hed gone over an' tole ther padre uv ther town, an' ther cussed black-coat hed sent word to Cervallias' gang, an' it war them, two hundred strong, as war comin' to eat us, ther sed."

"They war clost behind ther two chaps as give the larn, but we hed time to git ther hosses inside ther mission, an' then we sot about fixin' up ther place fur a reg'lar fight."

"We knowed it war a-goin' to be a hard one, fur even ther yaller-bellies, as a general thing, ar' the biggest kind uv cowards, these mount'n guerrillas war'n't, by a long jump. They fight an' steal fur a livin', an' they knows how to do both on 'em."

"Well, by ther time we hed got ther ole mission in purty good trim—yer see, we blocked up ther winders an' filled in ther doors with dornicks an' pieces uv timber layin' aroun', ther greasers broke kiver an' charged straight down, yellin' an' howlin' like so menny borned devils."

"Twenty ag'in' two hundred! Big odds them is, lad, an' more oftenly than enny other way ther twenty'll go under."

"We foun't 'em fur a hour er so along ther outside wall, an' then, when the work got too hot, we fell back inside ther main buildin', chocked up ther hall we hed left to git in at, an' opened onto 'em frum cracks atween ther chinkies we hed put up."

"Three uv ther boys wait down, an' it war about this time I ketcht ther 'scotep-ball in my leg, an' thar it ar' yit; durn ther thing, too!"

"We all see ther ther thing couldn't hold out much longer."

"Ther greasers foun't like mad wildcats, an' to make 'em still wuss an' more savagous, thar war ther ole padre a-pushin' 'em on an' promisin' 'em all sorts uv things of ther kind clean us out."

"While this war goin' on, Joe Logline kem round to whar I war, an' whispers as how I war to go to all ther boys an' git what powder they could spar, an' fetch it to him down a little squar' hole ther he p'inted out in ther floor."

"Es luck would hev it, ther boys' horns war full, an' when I got through I reckon thar war ten pound er more in ther big water-gourd."

"Down I went, an' thar I found Joe bogin' about w' a pine torch he hed made open a piece uv timber hed picked up somewhar."

"Hyar, Ike," sez he, "Fetch ther his away, and he nosed along quite a ways toards ther fire end uv ther cavity."

"Listen to 'em," sez Joe, stoppin' an' puttin' his ear up ag'in' ther top uv ther place, which warn't more'n three foot high.

"I heard a kind uv trampin' an' scrapin' about, an' axed Joe what it war."

"Don't 'ee know?" sez he, kinder laughin', quiet like. "Them's Mexikins."

"When he sed ther I know'd what war up, yer ken bet."

"I lef't 'em as long to lay ther mine, an' I lef't Joe fixin' ther match while I went above to tell ther ballance what war goin' on."

"Ther place out in front, an' I could see it war right plum over whar Joe war, war chock full uv ther greasers, who hed fetched up ev'ry man they hed to make the charge."

"I see it war comin' mighty quick, an' started back to tell Joe to hurry up his traps, when I met him a-comin' outen ther hole, an' he kem in a hurry, I tell yer."

"Back w' yer, boyees," he sez, runnin' toards ther fire end uv ther big room, follered by us all, whar thar war a kind uv a fixin', a altar I reckon it hed been, made outen stone, behind which we crip."

"Jes then ther greasers fetched ther yell, an' ther loose dornicks an' timber ther yell put up begin to fly."

"But somethin' flew about ther time I reckon."

"Fust, thar war a kind uv a quick, sharp crack, then a rumblin', fur all ther world like a a'rtquake, an' then ther reg'lar smash,

ther jess lifted us cl'ar off'n our feet w' ther sound an' jar."

"I tell you, lad, it war awful, an' we all thought fur a minit ther wed' blowed ourselves up es well es ther greasers."

"When the smoke cleared a bit we ventured out, an' crep' forward to ther door an' peeked out."

"Ther work hed been done, an' it war well done at ther, but it war a sickenin' sight es ever a man would want ter see."

"Only a few uv them war left, an' we could hear 'em shoutin' an' yellin' as if they war scart half to death, es they made thar way to whar they'd left ther hosses, an' mountin', rode off es ef the Ole Scratch war holdin' to ther mustangs' tails."

"Thet night, afore mornin', old John an' ther rest got back, an' fearin' ther whole kentry 'd be onto us, we cut stick an' travelled fur healthier parts."

Short Stories from History.

A Lesson for Boys.—How boys may rise from the lowest condition of life to occupy the most exalted stations is singularly illustrated in the life of Menzikoff, the noted Prime Minister of Peter the Great, under whose wonderful energy and sagacity Russia emerged from semi-barbarism to become one of the greatest nations of modern times.

Alexander Menzikoff was born of parents so excessively poor, that they could not afford to have him taught to read and write. After their death, he went to Moscow, where he found an asylum with a pastry-cook. He had a very fine voice, and soon became known in that great city, from the musical tone of his cry when vending his master's pastry in the street. His voice also gained him admission into the houses of many noblemen; and he was fortunate enough one day to be in the kitchen of a great lord with whom the Emperor was to dine. While Menzikoff was there, the nobleman came into the kitchen, and gave directions about a particular dish, to which, he said, the Emperor was very partial; into this dish he dropped (as he thought unperceived) a powder. Menzikoff observed it, but taking no notice, immediately left the house; and when he saw the Emperor's carriage coming, he began to sing very loud. Peter, attracted by his voice, called him, and bought all the pies he had in his basket. He asked some questions of Menzikoff, and was so well pleased with his answers, that he commanded him to follow him to the nobleman's house, and wait behind his chair. The servants were surprised at this order, but it proved of the greatest importance to Peter; for when the nobleman pressed his royal guest to take of this favorite dish, his new servant gently pulled him by the sleeve, and begged he would not hith by the sleeve, and begged he would not touch it till he had spoken to him. The Emperor immediately withdrew with Menzikoff, who informed his imperial master of his suspicions. The Czar returned to his company, and suddenly turning to his host, pressed him to partake of the favorite dish. Terrified at this command, he said, "It did not become the servant to eat before his master." The Emperor then offered it to a dog, who greedily devoured its contents, and shortly afterward expired in the greatest torments!

The rise of Menzikoff was from that moment rapid beyond example. He was loaded with honors, and frequently appeared in public as Vice-Czar, the Emperor assuming the rank of a private person. It is not very surprising, that so extraordinary and sudden an elevation should cause Menzikoff sometimes to forget that he was a man. His enemies trembled at his presence; for, as his power was great, so was his revenge. After the death of his imperial master, to whom he was warmly attached, he remained faithful to Catherine; and, upon her decease, he placed the crown upon the head of Peter III., son of the unfortunate Alexis, and grandson to his benefactor. It is said he had formed the ambitious design of marrying his daughter to this young prince. The sun of prosperity, however, which had hitherto shone in meridian splendor upon Alexander Menzikoff, was now fast sinking into the darkest gloom. The Dolgoroukis, a noble family who hated him, were vain, pliable, and insinuating; Peter was young, unsuspicious, and easily imposed upon by the frank and apparently disinterested friendship of the younger branches of the family. The ruin of the man who had placed him on the throne, was now, at the instigation of the Dolgoroukis, resolved on, and the fall of Menzikoff was even more rapid than his rise. As he had seldom shown mercy, so little was shown to him. His banishment to Beresof was attended with every aggravation that could be imagined. Previous to this fatal sentence, he had been deprived of his dignities, his pension, his employments. This blow was quickly followed by another; he was banished the court, and desired to confine himself to his country house at Oranienburg. On his way thither he was overtaken by a messenger, accompanied by a party of dragoons, who brought the fatal mandate of banishment to Siberia. Beresof is situated near the mouth of the Obi; during six months in the year there is no actual daylight, and the earth is covered with frost and snow. What a situation for persons who had been used to every luxury, every indulgence! The Princess Menzikoff died on the journey, and was buried on the banks of the Volga. She had always very weak eyes, and they were so affected by the cold and her excessive weeping, that she lost her sight before the half of her journey was completed. Menzikoff and one of his daughters lived to reach Beresof, but to end their days in that place of solitude.

When Menzikoff found his death approaching, he called his children to his bedside, and thus addressed them: "My children, I draw near to my last hour; death, the thoughts of which have been familiar to me since I have been here, would have nothing terrible in it, if I had only to account to the Supreme Judge for the time I have passed in misfortune. Hitherto your hearts have been free from corruption. You will preserve your innocence better in these deserts than at court; but should you return to it, recollect the example which your father has given you here."

On the accession of the Empress Anne to the throne, Menzikoff's youngest daughter, and his son, returned to Russia; and the Dolgoroukis felt, in their turn, all the horrors they had contributed to inflict on the Menzikoffs; with this aggravation, that the same person who conducted them to Beresof, carried with him the recall of Menzikoff and his family.